

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1916



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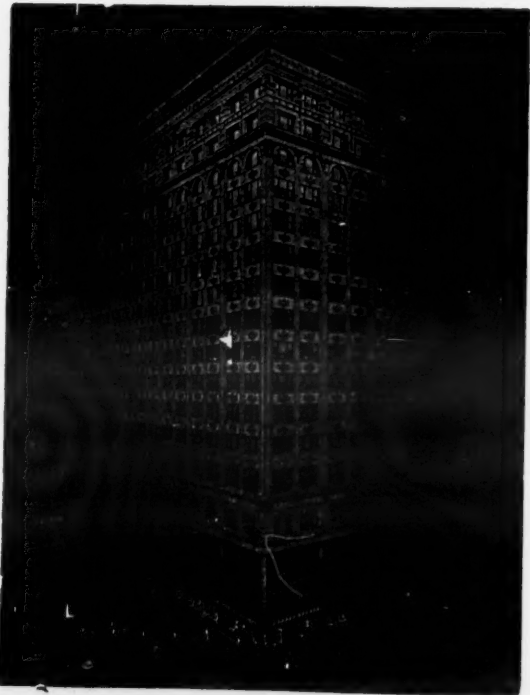
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# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 6

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1916

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## REEDY'S MIRROR

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.**

## CONTENTS

REFLECTIONS: As— —An American Zollverein—Here's Miss Harriet Monroe—A Poet Who Tended Bar—Endowing the Reorganizers—A Publisher Chubblisher—San Antonio's Struggle for Music—The Deming Land Plan—Sex Gets the Geld. By William Marion Reedy.....	85
SOME YANKEE NOTIONS: By W. M. R.....	88
ANTI-SEGREGATION: By Dr. Chas. Henry Phillips, Jr.....	89
BIRTH: By William Rose Benet.....	90
HOW TO INVEST: By Francis A. House.....	91
TO J. W. R.: By Rudyard Kipling.....	91
OUR DEBT TO ENGLAND: By Horace G. Kauffman.....	91
IN LI'L OL' N' YO'K: By McCorkle McNab.....	92
CONCERNING A LEGACY: By Harry B. Kennon.....	93
GRACE BEFORE READING: By Helen Coole Crewe.....	93
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: The Limit—Two Newspaper Artists—More About Poetry—He'll Do His Part—"Ethical Kultur"—Setting Us Right—The Sarcastic Subscriber.....	94
FRANCO-BELGIC ART: By Louis Albert Lamb.....	97
COMING SHOWS.....	98
THIS WEEK'S SYMPHONIES.....	99
Cecil Fanning Comes.....	99
MARTS AND MONEY.....	99

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

As—  
A S the President has not changed his mind upon anything within the past week—having changed it upon so many things, from the desirability of smashing Bryan to courting his favor and then back again to the smashing proposition; as the net result of the presidential conversion to the idea of a Tariff Board has been the revelation that all high protectionists are in favor of it; as there is no evidence of any overwhelming popular back-fire on Congress in support of the President's pilgrimage preaching preparedness to the hilt; as the excitement among department-store cash-girls and shoe-factory workers over the exposure of Jean Harald Edward St. Cyr, wooer and winner of widows, as being plain Jack Thompson of Texas, has died down; as no one is particularly concerned over Rudyard Kipling's paranoiac outburst prophesying the extinction of all Germans; as von Papen's papers reveal nothing more important than that George Sylvester Viereck is "thoroughly ashamed of his country"—not specifying which country; as the exchange of notes between Washington and Berlin over the *Lusitania* affair is about to culminate in Germany's agreement to confine her acts of reprisal to belligerents and forego the incidental slaughter of neutrals, and as she surrendered to us long ago in stopping submarine attacks upon enemy merchant vessels without warning; as the country finds nothing to be worked up over save the millinery openings, the announcement that men are to wear wine-colored evening clothes and the news that next summer's bathing suits for ladies are to be relevatory to the last degree of physical unreticence; as no one has yet decided who will be the nominee of the Republicans for President, or whether Mr. Bryan intends to do to Mr. Wilson at St. Louis what he did to Champ Clark at Baltimore; as Great Britain's continuous bungling of her share in the Great War is an old story; as the railroads are still clamoring for relief in higher rates, even while their revenues are increasing prodigiously; as the threatened country-wide strike of railway employes is still only in the stage of debate; as Louis Dembitz Brandeis has not yet been disclosed to have murdered his great grandmother or robbed the collection plate in the synagogue; as Colonel E. M. House in his peregrinations abroad has not done much more for peace, apparently, than did Henry Ford—although there is something, evidently, in the talk of Germany's being willing to evacuate Belgium, as a peace starter; as it is not exactly news that Missouri hasn't the money to run its government, and especially its schools, properly; as the United States Navy has not lost a submarine by explosion or sinking in four or five days; as Canada may have some justification for cold feet after the burning of her Parliament buildings, but is only a victim of "nerves" when she boycotts Walter Damrosch's orchestra because it is "composed mostly of German spies;" as when Geraldine Farrar said she would never, no never, marry, she didn't think she'd live to

be Mrs. Lou Tellegen; as the Russian ballet has been bowdlerized and exorcised and properly "churched" by New York's moral authorities and cannot possibly contaminate the purity of us who gave the "Follies" the most prosperous week they have ever known; as St. Louis probably will never get a City Flag or a means of transportation other than legs to the Art Museum in Forest Park; as there is nobody in the race for the Missouri governorship but Fred Gardner, Democrat, and Judge Lamm, Republican, though the rural editors to whom Secretary of State Cornelius Roach has been giving slabs of State printing are reporting that he is the choice of the "peepul"; as Governor Major will not have to pay out of his own salary to Kelly & Kelly of Kansas City, the fifty thousand dollars they earned by finding a way to make the Supreme Court building bonds marketable and a customer to buy them; as the Joe Folk boom for Governor of Missouri has become a Joe Folk boom for the Democratic nomination for Vice-President; as Percival Chubb has secured more publicity from the newspapers by abusing them than he ever could have secured by praising them; as Tom Taggart of West Baden is a wicked person and should not, like Colonel George Harvey, embarrass Mr. Wilson by predicting his nomination unanimously; as St. Louis just now has a craze over visiting poets, while New York falls for fake wrestling matches; as there is nothing startlingly unique in the exchange of personalities between Jess Willard and Moran, any more than in the claims of ultimate victory by all of the great belligerent nations; as, in short, it is a pretty dull world just now, perhaps I may be pardoned for adjuring the readers of the MIRROR who live in St. Louis to go to the Olympic Theater during the two days remaining of the engagement of "Kick In" and see the ripsnortingest melodrama that has come this way since "Jim, the Penman" or "The Lights of London," with a woman of real beauty and a voice of wine and honey and music in the heroine role—Miss Margot Williams. For the rest I would recommend watchful waiting for the coming of the San Carlo Opera Company, presenting the works of the music masters in a form in which the melody is not drowned by the shrieks of the community over extortionate prices.

♦♦

### An American Zollverein

IN all the talk there has been over this country's getting South American trade, it is strange that we have heard nothing of the proposal, made at a recent meeting in New York by Will Atkinson, for the establishment of a Customs' Union of All America. That would be the way to avoid commercial war with England and Germany after the now raging big murder war. There is no better way to tie up to ourselves the trade of Central and South America. A free trade arrangement between all the nations of this hemisphere would operate as a kind of protectionism against Europe. It would be a splendid means of preventing quarrels with Latin-America. It would somewhat lessen the expense of preparedness. It would be a logical development of the Monroe Doctrine. Make trade between the nations on this side of the



globe as free as it is between our own States! Could there be a more ideal, and at the same time a more practically beneficial, outcome of the Pan-American movement? Some United States statesman can win immortal fame by taking up this idea now and forcing it to actualization.

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#### Here's Miss Harriet Monroe

INTELLECTUAL St. Louis is preparing, even as I write, an appropriate reception for Miss Harriet Monroe when she comes to town to speak next Friday evening at the Artists' Guild under the auspices of the St. Louis Art League on the subject of "The New Poetry." Probably Miss Monroe has done more for the high art of song than any other person in the United States, not even excepting Mr. Edward J. Wheeler of *Current Opinion* and Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite of the *Boston Transcript*. Almost it may be said that Miss Monroe is the patroness saint of the school of literature upon which she is to deliver her address. She is a poet in her own right, having at least two volumes of excellent verse to her credit. She was chosen to write the Columbian Ode to commemorate the opening of the Chicago World's Fair in 1892, and even before that, in 1889, had won a national hearing through her ode at the opening of the Chicago Auditorium. Long before most Americans had ever heard of free verse or imagism, Miss Monroe published in one of the magazines a poem called "The Hotel," which was received with gibes and jeers by the classicists and conservatives as nothing but a reminiscence of some of the more inventorial productions of Walt Whitman, and an almost hopelessly depraved derivation from Homer's "Catalogue of the Ships." Nevertheless, this poem was a magnificent effort at inclusiveness of minor detail, with culminating power of presentation of the picture of a hotel with all its guests, furnishings and appointments, from the lounges in the corridor to the clanking and clattering dishes in the kitchen. A poem like that nowadays would hardly attract attention. All may have the flower now that all have got the seed. In the more accustomed forms of verse Miss Monroe has shown not only a wonderful vigor of expression, but a beauty of thought and feeling which is not to be denied even by those who assail her for her championship of the more lawless forms of poesy. Without disparaging in the least her work as a poetical executant, it may be said that her greatest service to the country was the foundation, in 1912, of a monthly magazine, *Poetry*, devoted to the publication of original verse and to the criticism of current poetical output. This looked like a quixotic venture but, strange to say, it has been a success almost from the start and its growth has been synchronous with an increase in the sales of volumes of contemporaneous poetry entirely beyond the imagination of anyone at the time Miss Monroe made her adventure. There are a thousand volumes of poetry sold to-day where there was one when *Poetry* first appeared. To its pages all singers were welcome; but they had to have a song. The editor was truly catholic in her attitude towards matter and meter, and some of the pieces accepted by her suggested at first to the curious observers of this literary phenomenon the necessity of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* for this Chicago lady. The works of Ezra Pound had fallen dead-born in England, but when his bare, esurient, rhymeless and almost rhythmless writings appeared in *Poetry*, he found an audience that understood. His own countrymen, seeing with the eyes of Miss Monroe, discovered him, and their dis-

covery reacted upon England with happy results for Mr. Pound. To her belongs also credit for the courageous acceptance of the peculiar poetry of Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. The more conservative editors had "passed up" this poet as being probably a little "cracked," but the editor of the Chicago "magazine of verse" saw Lindsay's writings for what they were, namely, an effort at interpretation of American life, reverting of set purpose to the origins of poetry in the chant or croon. To the encouragement of Miss Monroe, Miss Amy Lowell owes much of her popular celebrity. From the numbers of the *MIRROR* in which appeared the first garlands of Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology," Miss Monroe promptly selected and reproduced with credit some of Mr. Masters' most striking etchings of American life in the small town of the West. She has been generous to our St. Louis poets, Miss Akins and Mrs. Sara Teasdale Filsinger. She has offered prizes for verses in annual competitions and thus stimulated poetic production not only in quantity but in quality. Modeled on her magazine, other magazines have appeared in England and in this country; among the latter, more notably, *The Poetry Journal*, of Boston. From this brief resume of what this Chicago woman has done, it is evident that the people of St. Louis who care for "the things that perish never" do well to bestir themselves that she may have such an audience next Friday evening as will testify that this is "no mean city" when it comes to the matter of recognizing a person who has done a work of no profit whatever to herself but to the advancement of the cult of beauty and spirituality in her generation.

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#### A Poet Who Tended Bar

INDEED, it may be said that we are having an epidemic of poets and poetry hereabouts these days. Mr. Bliss Perry, who was the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has written a life of Walt Whitman, and is a poet as well as a critic, is due shortly for an address before the Contemporary Club. A greater than Mr. Perry, however, is to come on the afternoon of February 15, to Founders' Hall of the Mary Institute, under the auspices of the ladies of the Vassar Club. This poet is John Masefield, Englishman. Here is a poet who has lived a poem,—all but a "Lusiad." He has sailed the seven seas before the mast, lived on skilly and duff in the fore-castle, been hounded and harried and beaten by mates, hung over the boiling spume while reefing sails, and has absorbed into his blood almost, as into his song, something of the immeasurable bitter-sweetness of the "mother of gods and men." His story of "Dauber" is a sea yarn infinities beyond anything by Captain Marryat, or W. Clark Russell. In another mood, when he portrays the life of rural peasant England, he does it with a power and a savage sympathy hitherto all unknown. There runs through "The Everlasting Mercy" a marvelous compound of brutality and religious ecstasy. "The Widow in the By-Street" is a tale of George Crabbe's smitten to a tragic splendor in which two passions, a mother's for her son and that son's for a light-of-love, are contrasted with an almost intolerably poignant effect. His tragedy of "Nan" was so painful in its veritism that the critics of London could hardly bear to write about it. When he turns to produce a drama of the life of Pompey he does it in the language of the present day English soldier and sailor, and gets an effect utterly beyond the reach of those who try to imitate the blank verse, bow-wow method of the Elizabethans. He has to his

credit a novel or two, rememberable for many felicitous descriptions of the play of passion and of the tranquil beauties of the English countryside. John Masefield's shorter lyric poems have been somewhat obscured by the heavier effects of his larger works, but he can sing a "native woodnote wild" with the best of our contemporaneous choristers. The secret of him is that he is not only an artist but is saturated with life—life on the bitter salt estranging sea; life in strange lands and wild places; the fierce, crude, naked life of the docks and wharves and sailors' boarding houses; life upon the vast pasture plains of Brazil and in the forests along the Orinoco; life of the sheepfold, the byre and the farmyard of rural England; the exaltations of the village revivalist; the rapture of the fight in the prize ring; and all the things over and under these, and in between. He will address the Vassar Club upon English poetry, but more interesting than that will be his readings from his own works and the relation of many of the personal experiences out of which those works grew in forms of beauty or pity or terror. It will be a novel experience for St. Louis literarians to sit at the feet of such a singing Gamaliel and realize that here is a poet who but a few years ago was a bartender in Luke O'Connor's saloon in Greenwich Village, New York, who could master every art of concoctive chemics behind the bar but the inscrutable and ineluctable mystery of the cocktail.

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ST. LOUIS COUNTY, by voting for a \$3,000,000 bond issue for good roads, will add five times that sum to her land values—mostly untaxed.

❖❖

ELSEWHERE in this issue Dr. Charles Henry Phillips, a Negro, writes against the proposal to segregate his people. Is there a big real-estate job behind the segregation agitation—to drive the blacks into one district and rack-rent them mercilessly? Segregation is inhuman graft. Smash it!

❖❖

#### Endowing the Reorganizers

A REHEARING is to be held on the plan of reorganization of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad before the Public Service Commission of Missouri about February 15. There has been a lull in the discussion of this reorganization since the passage at arms between Mr. Henry S. Priest, counsel for the reorganizers, and Mr. B. F. Yoakum, former president of the Frisco, representing stockholders in protest against the plan of reorganization. The plan as originally submitted by the reorganization committee was rejected by the Public Service Commission with suggestions for the elimination of certain features having chiefly to do with what looked like overcapitalization, and with the entirely disproportionate amount of money set aside under the plan to pay the expenses of the reorganization. Mr. Yoakum and his associates have maintained, in effect, that these expenses of reorganization are so calculated that they will take all the available cash in the treasury of the railroad, accumulated since it went into the hands of the receivers, and that it constitutes an onerous charge upon the property, which the people living along the line of the railroad will have to pay in freight and passenger rates as part of the fixed charges. A friend of mine, who makes a specialty of the elucidation of financial abracadabra, has looked into this matter of the cost of reorganization of the Frisco and has prepared a simple table showing the amount to be paid by the farmers and the public generally along the lines of the



Frisco to the reorganizers and attorneys for a permit to take the Frisco out of the receivers' hands. The following cash is demanded, for which five per cent bonds running thirty-five years are to be sold. Is the plan a good thing for the reorganizers and the attorneys? I guess yes!

	Principal.	Yearly Interest.	Total Interest.
Commission to two Syndicates .....	\$1,675,000		
Yearly interest .....		\$ 83,750	
Interest for 35 years .....			\$2,931,250
Organization, franchises, etc. ....	1,400,000		
Yearly interest .....		70,000	
Interest for 35 years .....			2,250,000
Expenses of committees, etc. ....	1,000,000		
Yearly interest .....		50,000	
Interest for 35 years .....			1,750,000
H. S. Priest, Special Counsel in charge of reorganization....	100,000		
Yearly interest .....		5,000	
Interest for 35 years .....			175,000
Reorganization Managers, Speyer & Co. and Seligman & Co. ....	1,258,000		
Yearly interest .....		62,900	
Interest for 35 years .....			2,201,500
Totals .....	\$5,433,000	\$271,650	\$9,307,750
Summary:			
Total of Principal .....	\$5,433,000		
Total of Interest .....			9,307,750
Grand total Principal and Interest .....	\$14,740,750		

♦♦

#### A Publisher Chubblisher

THE public, and particularly the newspaper profession, are still discussing with more or less light and heat the recent animadversions upon the daily newspaper press by Mr. Percival Chubb, of the Ethical Culture Society of St. Louis. Mr. Chubb said, in effect, that the newspapers were given over to an almost hopeless vulgarity and a concern for matters almost wholly sensational, to the exclusion of subjects which may be supposed to have a keen and lively interest for what he calls "the educated minority." Most of the newspapers deal with Mr. Chubb's address in a spirit of ridicule. They have pilloried him as an incorrigible "highbrow" and have made it appear as if he had given utterance to utterly impracticable idealistic "counsels of perfection" for the conduct of a business which, like other businesses, is carried on to make money for its proprietors. There is, however, a voice raised here and there by newspaper men in support of the general proposition enunciated by Mr. Chubb. I am indebted to a friend in Philadelphia for a copy of a recently printed advertisement in which is set forth an appeal for public support of the *Public Ledger* and the *Evening Ledger* of that city. This advertisement might very well have been written by Mr. Chubb. It is a condensation of his general indictment of the press. So far as I have been able to learn, neither the *Public Ledger* nor the *Evening Ledger* of Philadelphia is a paper much "too bright and good for human nature's daily food." Nor are they hanging by their eyebrows over the verge of bankruptcy. They are owned by Mr. Cyrus Curtis, who is also the owner of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Country Gentleman*. These three last named periodicals are among the most successful in the country, if indeed they are not

unqualifiedly the most successful. No man has displayed more genius than Mr. Curtis in calculating exactly the latitude and longitude in navigating his fleet of publications on the sea of public opinion. He has found the way to the mind and heart of the average American better than any man in the publishing business of this time. None of his publications carries any taint of advertisements or reading matter that has anything objectionable to what we may call, for lack of a better American equivalent, "the non-conformist conscience." For instance, he will not carry any advertisements of beers or liquors of any kind, and, I understand, has recently ordered the rejection of all advertisements of tobacco and cigarettes. His publications have attained unto enormous circulations by catering to what we may call the Puritan public or the evangelical sentiment. In these latter matters it is possible and even probable that he goes even further than Mr. Percival Chubb would go in an endeavor to keep his output of periodicals "chemically pure." For the benefit of my readers who may be interested in this matter of intellectualizing and desensationalizing the press, I submit here two advertisements of Philadelphia's respective *Ledgers* as showing what Mr. Curtis thinks is the proper form of appeal, first, for readers and, second, for advertisers. Evidently Mr. Curtis believes that the kind of papers he describes in these advertisements will pay. He is not riding for a fall or playing to lose. In the publishing world he is known as possessing a clairvoyant faculty for getting into rapport with public opinion in a way to redound to his own profit. Evidently he does not think that Mr. Chubb's ideal of a newspaper is wholly impractical and worthy of denunciation as mere hypercritical moonshine. Here is the advertisement:

#### LIKE SEEKS LIKE

Journalism, responsible for much that is fine in American life and manners, is likewise guilty as a factor in much that is deplorable.

If there is growing irreverence of youth for authority, if there is shocking familiarity of the young with Things Better Left Unsaid, if there is instability of judgment among old and young alike, if there is cheapening of taste and fondness for vulgar dress and manners among certain classes—newspapers (also of certain classes) are partly to blame.

Can those children who almost daily are "entertained" with so-called comics depicting slap-stick buffoonery and brutality be expected to develop and prize the finer feelings of respect and courtesy?

#### PUBLIC LEDGER

PRICE TWO CENTS.

Do "funnies" that emphasize and idealize all that is coarse and unfeeling in childhood, and portray the malicious ingenuity of genuine badness, elevate the childish mind?

Do coarse, vulgar, badly-drawn, brainless "comic strips" furnish the canons of art and taste upon which you would desire your boy or girl to base ideals of life and manner?

Do scandal, crime, degeneracy, the seamy side of the civic garment, appeal to you as the journalistic garb you want in your family wardrobe?

Is there to be sound judgment based upon careful thought, or the weather cock variety,

blown whitherward by each wind of sensation?

We leave the answer to those who read. Like seeks like. The growing circulation of the *Public Ledger* and the *Evening Ledger* is ample evidence that the Curtis Journalistic plan and method are appealing to those for whom they were designed.

#### EVENING LEDGER

PRICE ONE CENT.

♦♦

#### San Antonio's Struggle for Music

CULTURE is penetrating the Southwest, but the penetrative process is not so rapid as it might be. Indeed, it is rather discouraging to the few forerunners of culture who have been crying in the wilderness. An heroic attempt is being made to establish a symphony orchestra in San Antonio, Texas. Some few music-lovers there, inspired by visits of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, have set to work at their difficult task. They have been unusually fortunate in securing for director, Mr. Arthur Claasen, of New York, who has recently taken up his residence there. Mr. Claasen gave his services, with absolutely no compensation, for six elaborate programmes last season. Judging from the support the organization is receiving this year, the outlook for any remuneration for him is rather unfavorable. The *avant couriers* of music realize very well that no Symphony Orchestra is sustaining, but they feel they are unusually handicapped by the lack of interest in the enterprise displayed by San Antonio's wealthiest citizens. The projectors of the organization are trying to impress upon the wealthy citizens aforesaid that an enterprise which will give support to sixty or seventy families is as much entitled to civic encouragement as the efforts of any civic body to secure any factory or other organization whose accession to the city the Chamber of Commerce heralds with such glee. The daily papers have given the promoters of the symphony very scanty notices; they have never given even *one* editorial notice in support of the cause, in spite of earnest solicitations. While the audiences at the concerts given thus far have not been what they should be, they are constantly growing and the promoters feel that if they can carry the financial burden over one more year, they will win out. San Antonio is a very wealthy community. The people there cheerfully and promptly raised the money necessary to secure the appearances of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. There are some people who see what value there is in the St. Louis orchestra for St. Louis, and they think that an orchestra of their own would be of like value to San Antonio. The *San Antonio Express*, I observe, gave the last concert given by the local orchestra a quite metropolitan write-up of a whole page, with photographic display and much interesting personalia. The programmes of two concerts show that Director Claasen is not afraid to essay some of the most important musical works. San Antonio's difficulty is only different in degree from that of St. Louis. Our fund for the maintenance of the Symphony is precarious. It is no picnic to raise the sum required. Pulling teeth is nothing to it. That San Antonio has had an orchestra for two years is in itself a most remarkable achievement. Indeed, when we compare San Antonio with St. Louis or Minneapolis, not to mention Chicago or Cincinnati or New York or Boston, to know that the Texas town has got as far as it has in this matter, is to realize that there must be a great-



er demand for music and a greater love for music there than in most of the so-called metropoli. A town like San Antonio that has the spirit even to start such a thing almost certainly has the qualities in its citizenship that will push the project forward to final success. The mere fact that the Texas town has been moved to such endeavor by the visits of our orchestra should be proof conclusive to our citizens that the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra is a good investment and a splendid educational influence. When St. Louisans read of the struggle of San Antonio for an orchestra, probably they will "loosen up" with a somewhat more generous contribution to the support of our own excellent organization under the direction of Mr. Max Zach. A San Antonio lady has written me for advice as to what they must do down there to secure a properly supported symphony orchestra. I can only say to her and her associates that "art is long" and that they can only accomplish their object by keeping at it continuously and demonstrating to the business men and others that an orchestra is worth every dollar it costs, as an educational factor and as an advertisement of the city's cultural advancement. We are still working at that job in St. Louis and not making the progress we should make, all things considered. San Antonio must not despair.

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#### The Deming Land Plan

THERE'S no getting away from the land question. Wherever there is land, there is the question. Or, one might say, wherever there is land there isn't any land for those who want to use it. There's a land question down in New Mexico, as I gather from the Deming, N. M., *Graphic*. It was the subject of consideration at a meeting recently of the Deming Chamber of Commerce. Deming's business men want to attract population to the farms in "the great Membre Valley." They are going to send out men to bring to the attention of the farm-seeking public the advantages of the Membre valley. And they have a plan to induce people to settle upon and work the land. That plan contemplates placing under control of the Chamber of Commerce a large body of land in the valley that is to be given free to homeseekers upon certain conditions. Under contract with the Chamber of Commerce, the settler is to be given possession of the quantity of land he is able to develop after specifications to be furnished by the organization. Besides this, a pumping plant, methods of tillage, and kind of crops are all to be specified by the civic body in order that the senseless waste of experimentation may be eliminated. At the end of a given period, say five years, the acreage and a half interest in the equipment is to revert to the original owner, who is then, at the option of the settler, compelled by his contract to sell to the settler at the low price agreed upon when the initial agreement was made. The intention is in this manner to prevent the taking of an unearned increment by the land owner. Further details remain to be worked out. The land in the valley is now held in large tracts. Those who own it are holding it as a speculation. It is undeveloped. Now they want other people to come in and develop it. One member of Deming's Chamber of Commerce, Mr. A. W. Pollard, said that every member—and there was not a man present, probably, who did not hold from 160 to 1,500 acres undeveloped—could easily afford to give up half of his holding under the plan. On this basis the land in the Membre valley is to be brought to the attention of tenant and other farmers throughout the Middle West.

The germ of the solution of the land question is in this Deming scheme. The developers are to get a chance to buy what they develop. The justice of the terms depends on the contract price. Of course, the land developed will enhance the value of near-by land undeveloped. Putting the land in the control of the Chamber of Commerce is a sort of playing at land nationalization or public ownership. The Deming plan for land development is something new. It is not perfect, but there is enough of the right idea in it to lead those who are carrying it out to the truth about land ownership in general.

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#### Sex Gets the Geld

THAT St. Louisans, with regard to theatricals, like what they like when they like it, is proved by the box-office returns of the Olympic Theater at the end of the engagement of Ziegfeld's "Follies" last Saturday night. I find this in last Sunday's *Post-Dispatch*:

"Ziegfeld's Follies, which closed at the Olympic Theater last night, did more than \$26,000 business in St. Louis during the week, and had a bigger week than in any theater in the country, not excepting any week of the production's run of five months at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York. Last year's Follies met with a similar reception here, doing more business than in any city in the country for a like period.

The seating capacity of the Olympic, which is 2,400, was taxed at every performance, and, in addition, standing room was sold at each of the nine performances. Parquet seats were \$2.

The gross profits to the producers of the show and the theater company, it was said, will be in excess of \$14,000. The company has a payroll and royalty expense of about \$10,000 a week and transportation expenses of about \$1,000 a week.

The amount of business done by the Follies this year is a record for the Olympic for the last five years, or since the theater's seating capacity was materially cut down to conform to building regulations.

St. Louisans will not patronize drama, but they will "go to the show." You cannot keep them away. The price per seat cannot do it, nor the distance of the theater from the residence section, nor any of the things that have been urged to explain the emptiness of the theaters when real plays are put on. The "Follies" is what we want. Plenty of sex gets us in great gobs of gatherings seven nights in the week and two matinees. Give us girl and more girl and a continuous smear of girl and we're right there. The more of girl that we cannot see otherwise and elsewhere, the more apocalypse of girl, the more apotheosis of the carnality of girl, the better. Touch it up with some good stage settings, *a la* Bakst, and we're just crazy about it. We're crazier even than New York or Chicago. And at \$2 per seat, too. What care we for Maude Adams or Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or Elsie Ferguson or Patricia Collinge or Otis Skinner or Walker Whiteside or any artist actor? It's the girl that gets the money. The lascivious lures our lucre. But why repine? I am glad the Olympic has such a profitable week in ten or twenty. It shows that the alum used in clarifying our drinking water is not what's the matter with St. Louis. Figures like those submitted by the Olympic management show that "prosperity is here." The people in their might arise and rebuke us highbrows and moralists. You can't go behind the returns from such a referendum. Twenty-six thousand dollars! In one week! For girl—just girl! Not on the bum, but on the hum is the theater in St. Louis. "Bring on more girls" we cry like the mercenaries of Carthage

at Hamilcar's feast, in "Salammbô." Let gynolatry flourish and let us make the musical comedy sextette the national anthem. Hooray!

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## Some Yankee Notions

By W. M. R.

THERE must be people in the United States, and many of them, interested in philosophy—else there would not be published so many books about it. The works of Bergson and of William James, we are told, have attained almost to the distinction of "best sellers." A great many books have been published dealing with the metaphysics of the present world-upheaval. Now comes a volume, "American Thought from Puritanism to Pragmatism" (Henry Holt & Co., New York), by Woodbridge Riley, professor of philosophy in Vassar College. The volume runs to about 360 pages and has a select bibliography as well as an inclusive index. This is a very interesting book, if you care at all for metaphysics. Professor Riley's writing strikes the happy mean between the technicalities of his subject and the looseness of colloquialism in dealing with the problems of "knowing" and "being" and "becoming," and all the other puzzles of abstruse dialectic. To review such a book in brief space is, of course, impossible, but one can point out some things in it to indicate the quality of its interest.

Few people know that Ethan Allen, of Vermont, who demanded and received the surrender of Ticonderoga "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," probably had not such a firm faith in the Jehovah aforesaid as was indicated in his little burst of grandiloquence. He was the author, in 1784, of a book called "Oracles of Reason," in which he plays hob with many of the religious ideas regnant at that time. This work might be called a forerunner of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." Indeed, Ethan Allen would be much more effective if he were not somewhat coarse. Allen was a deist, but in maintaining his deism he arrived, as was almost necessarily the case, at a negation of his own principles. He maintained that matter is as eternal as God, which means that there are two things which are the same thing. Nevertheless, so sound a man as George Washington said, "There is an original something about Allen that commands attention."

Few Americans probably know about Samuel Johnson, of Connecticut, who was a disciple of Berkeley, afterwards Lord Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland. Johnson put forward and defended the idealism of Berkeley with enthusiasm and vigor, but the general public of to-day will be more interested to know that it was Johnson who first ventured in this country upon the psychological study of the development of the child mind. It was he who gave the first hints here of the kindergarten fifty years before that idea had been imported to this country. He believed in objective teaching for the little ones, and in general in the theory made immortal by Froebel.

From Professor Riley likewise the reader will discover that the famous Jonathan Edwards, greatest of the Puritan divines, was not the "hard shell" generally supposed, but decidedly a mystic and a poet as well. He was indeed no little of a quietist, and a quotation or two from him reads not unlike some of the writings of Richard Jefferies.

Professor Riley is acutely stimulating when he passes over from Puritanism to Quakerism and traces the Quaker influence down through history to a culminating development in Christian Science. In a general way our author maintains that in the North the philosophic succession has been through Emerson and Edwards back to the English Platonists, while in the South the succession has been through Jefferson and Franklin back to the Gallic materialists. In any history of American thought, of course, Cotton Mather must have his place, and

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according to Professor Riley, Mather was one of our very great men. His influence upon thought is declared to be a living one even unto this day.

Ben Franklin as a philosopher comes in for an interesting study and Professor Riley strengthens an old suspicion of mine that Franklin's real opinions were much more radical than any he expressed while on this side of the water. When he found himself in France he was very much more in sympathy with Voltaire than with any of his countrymen.

After Franklin, we come, naturally, to Jefferson and his sentimental materialism, with which the public is fairly familiar as translated into doctrine and action by the Democratic party. Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" is justly appraised by the author of the book under review. Paine was a deist and not at all the atheist many of his contemporaries proclaimed him. An instructive chapter is that upon Joseph Priestly, who came to this country in 1794, a combination of metaphysician and materialist. Priestly found himself in an environment congenial in the Pennsylvania dominated by Franklinism and his idea was carried into Virginia by his son-in-law, Thomas Cooper.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, wrote a book, "The Influence of Physical Causes Upon the Moral Faculty." The title is enough to indicate his course of reasoning and his conclusion. Dr. Rush may have faded as a metaphysician but he was one of the first to make a careful and systematic study of abnormal mentality. In his work are found suggestions of latter day mind-cure. He anticipated many of the now current theories of the origin of dreams. He hovered around the subconscious self, dual personality and all that sort of thing, and indeed, it is remarkable that mental healing did not come into vogue immediately after his demonstrations instead of waiting for nearly a hundred years. Even so advanced a modern philosopher as William James derives not a little from Benjamin Rush. The different philosophies made their headquarters at different schools. Princeton was committed to realistic metaphysics while Harvard and Yale inclined to idealism. Between these two schools there has been fought out ever since various phases of the battle inherent in dualism. The transcendentalism of Emerson is dealt with exhaustively but need not be enlarged upon here, because of all our philosophers, Emerson is the most read.

St. Louisans will find in Professor Riley's book, following his moving story of the belligerent reception of evolutionism in this country and John Fiske's development therefrom of a cosmic philosophy, with a passing glance at the Germanic influences upon our thought, a vivid discussion of the St. Louis school of philosophy headed by William T. Harris. This school was founded by Governor Brockmeyer, a German immigrant, who came to St. Louis and was employed as a mechanic in Filley's foundry. It was he who introduced William T. Harris to Hegel's *Logic*. Brockmeyer was a great converser but when he tried to translate Hegel's *Logic* he could not produce literature. All he has left is a rather curious book called "A Mechanic's Diary," in which, as it appears, he courted the lady who later became his wife, by explaining to her the systems of Kant and Hegel. Wearying of philosophy, Brockmeyer took to the woods and lived like a nomad, learning Choctaw and Cherokee and finally becoming, in the days I knew him, chief lobbyist for the Missouri-Pacific at Jefferson City, where I often sat with him, at ever-so-much-o'clock in the morning, in the back room of Baldy Holley's gambling house, with a bottle of gin and a bottle of whiskey, a pitcher of water and two glasses between us, and discussed "the categorical imperative" or "the Logos," interrupted occasionally by an insistent legislator for whom the Governor would write passes over the Missouri-Pacific with a reckless abandon. It was under the influence of Brockmeyer that William T. Harris, afterwards United States Com-

missioner of Education, launched *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, which was the organ of transcendentalism at that time. Associated with Brockmeyer and Harris was Dr. Denton J. Snider, still happily with us, who has left a pleasant record of those times and men in his volume entitled, "A Writer of Books." St. Louis in those days was a sort of Athens tempered somewhat by beer. Thomas Davidson, world-renowned as "the wandering scholar," was of this school. Josiah Royce, to whom is attributed the development of romantic idealism, contributed his first philosophic thoughts to Harris' journal.

George Trumbull Ladd, to whom Professor Riley's book is dedicated, comes in next for consideration as having effected a more or less satisfactory conjunction between idealism and science, and from this, Professor Riley moves on entertainingly to Charles Pierce, John Dewey, who heads the Chicago school of philosophy, and, finally, William James. This brings us to Pragmatism, or the teleological philosophy which estimates any theory of existence by its utility in the larger sense.

Enter, now the new realism, which is equivalent to throwing over philosophy, as anciently understood, altogether. "Being" and "knowing" and "becoming" are mere empty terms because this is a world of facts and the facts determine our thinking, and so idealism goes by the board. Organism and environment are hardly to be distinguished, because the reaction of the organism and the stimulus of environment are simply two phases of one unitary process. Here we have the metaphysics of Freud. "There are no phenomena and no noumena, but only things, events, conditions, circumstances—all in a universe which no mind has split into two realms. . . . Outward reality is richer than inward meditation." This brings us back to the position of George Lewes, who maintained that man has no ideas which were not derivable from experience. "The idealistic world which makes things in themselves undiscoverable, save by the aid of an Absolute, disappears to make room for a world of actuality." Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I have no idea that our old friend Plato is permanently relegated to the category of "back numbers." To one who cares to pursue the ramifications of the history of American thinking, Professor Riley's book is as interesting as a novel. Remarkable personalities play through it and there is a sense of tremendous struggle between two protagonists, idealism and realism, each of which appears to the other to occupy the role of "villain."

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## Anti-Segregation

By Dr. Chas. Henry Phillips, Jr.

The writer of this article is a Negro. He was a candidate for Congress from the Twelfth District of this State. Hear him for his cause.

THE proposed segregation ordinance soon to be voted on by the people of St. Louis, is now the sole topic of our citizenship. And to condemn without trial is not customary. Hence, it is fit that the black side of this white subject be aired.

There are those who are not familiar with the part the Negro has played in American history, and most certainly they are in the ranks of the pro-segregationists. It is necessary, therefore, that we recall some facts. Columbus was lost and wandering in mid-ocean. His storm-driven ship had all but spent its course; his nerve was failing, hope was fleeing fast. In this awful state of affairs, Estevonico, a Negro, walked to the front of the vessel and directed the Genoa sailor to the mainland. The result of that act of one whose race is down was the discovery of the New World—America. When a little over a hundred years later, the first European landed in Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, it was not long before the sturdy African was his best asset. The former came in search of

newer realms for development, as well as ambitions for exploitation. The latter came by force, came unbidden, came shackled and bleeding; came as serfs and slaves; came as humble burden-bearers and cohorts of the builders of this great republic. Beginning then with the country in its infancy, the Negro's subsequent loyalty has been concomitant with all the advance epochs of its history.

In 1620, when the fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, the Negro was there. His blood was the first shed for American Independence, and Attucks' death is more eloquent than words as a reminder of the white man's duty and obligation to the race who died first for the very freedom that he now enjoys. Not only was he the companion of the Caucasian in 1492, 1607, 1620, 1776 and other memorable days, but the Negro was also a brave soldier in the War of 1812. He was no less pugnacious in the conflict with Mexico. During the stirring times of the great civil strife this man was equally loyal to his immediate neighbors. Thus the slave at the South, in the suit of grey, fought as heroically for the "Lost Cause" of America's Eden, as did his Northern kin, in the garb of blue, for a reunited Union.

Was he not with Custer in the warfare with the Red man? In the hostilities with Spain did he not excel in battle, and once more demonstrate to America his abiding allegiance to her grand old flag? Even to-day the negro soldiers and citizens faithfully protect your kindred at the South from the onslaughts of the treacherous Mexican.

The Negro's every act, in every critical interval, has proven his love and loyalty to this, our common country. In the time of peace he has rejoiced with white America; he has wept when it was sad. He has sympathized when trouble came, and served in time of need. He is still a votary of all the militant interests of this far-famed government and a devotee to its every cause.

Dear to the black man's heart are the hills and dales of old America—her laughing brooks and meandering streams. Sweet to his ears are the songs of her birds and the music from the harps of nature's solemn orchestra. Her flower gardens and orchards, her canyons and her falls, are equally beautiful to the humble Negro's eyes. The balmy air, dazzling sun, and lazy moon affect him just the same and prompt him on and on. The natural beauty, picturesque scenes of this, our lovely fatherland—all of its institutions, all of its avenues of prosperity—fill the souls of black folk with equal gladness and gratitude. Even slavery, with its demoralizing influences, could not rob him of his faith in "the land of the free and home of the brave."

"No other race, or black or white,  
When bound as they were to the rack  
So seldom stooped to grieving.  
No other race when free again  
Forgot the past and proved them men  
So noble in forgiving."

From the landing of Christopher Columbus to the farce of Woodrow Wilson, no Negro has been tried for treason, or punished for disloyalty. What a sublime record! We are to-day a race of *Abou Ben Adhem*, in constant, loyal service to our brother in white, even if ingratitude be our recompense and broken promises our reward.

We have given American civilization Attucks and Douglass; Dunbar and Washington. The first gave his life for freedom; the second defended it with a matchless eloquence; the third emphasized it in poetry and verse. The fourth, rising from servile depths to heights of unusual power, teaching all men the nobleness of a trade, was one of the most eloquent exponents of that freedom that the world has ever seen. Yet in the long train of years, multiplying as we have, and varied and complex as we are, none of our progenitors has produced a Benedict Arnold, a Booth, a Guiteau or a Czolgosz. Of the 50,000 here in St. Louis, they are among the most peaceable, most faithful, most loyal of all the 750,000, and for that vast majority



to maltreat this defenseless minority, who are orphans and children of a people that have served the United States from its discovery in 1492 to the triumphant days of 1916, would be a stain on the escutcheon of fair Missouri, and the basest of ingratitude. Unlike that element with the hyphen, who come from other shores, and create vexing problems for society, labor and industry; who assassinate presidents and hold government in contempt; who wreck buildings with bombs, foment strikes, plot anarchy and ruin; whose alien ideas are incompatible with American ideals; we are already here, loyal, black Americans, pillars of peace and respecters of law.

This being true, the Negro in turn should enjoy every right with which the Constitution has endowed him. Dame Fortune smiles, serenely beautiful, upon the strong when they extend a helping hand to the weak. And nature herself has no greater heritage than that she bestows upon the government that gives to all humanity the mantle of protection. Be ye therefore mindful that:

"Petty distinctions of race and caste  
Are shriveled and shrunk in the furnace blast  
Of God's great love.  
And the gates of heaven as wide do swing  
For the lowliest Negro as the lordliest King,  
And the fires of hell burn just as bright  
For rich or poor, for black or white."

So in fairness and justice; in the name of right and liberty, our long devotion and ceaseless loyalty to the Stars and Stripes and its puissant people cry aloud our foremost objection to this needless measure, which would segregate as a menace, and huddle us together as if we were lepers, beasts and cast-asides.

We oppose segregation because it is unconstitutional, un-American, unjust and unfair. Because instead of abrogating friction and race hatred, it aggravates it, disseminating prejudice, ill-feeling and strife.

Hence, it is not for social reasons that we voice objection, for as a race we subscribe to the doctrine as preached by the dead Tuskegan: that in all things social, the Negro can and will remain as separate and distinct as the fingers, but in other things economical, industrial and the like, we should be one as the hand.

We are not clamoring for, nor making advances toward, an equal social plane, in our opposition to this nefarious proposal; neither do we wish to sever in the least the proud fabrics interweaving the social web of Caucasian society. We rather prefer to let the white man's social stream flow on and on in its age-honored grandeur, for in time it will lose itself in the broader ocean of a universal brotherhood. What the Negro really seeks is an equal opportunity in the race of life—absolute perfection in his own ranks. From the common fountain of justice, peace and right he would drink its exhilarating waters until his color ceases to be the harbinger of national discord and ever present symbol of trouble and unrest.

We oppose segregation because in every city in the country the Negro "segregates" himself, and here in St. Louis the unwritten law applying to this question has not lost any of its effectiveness, nor is it threatened. Therefore, no occasion arises for injecting into statutory law such uncalled for and unnecessary statutes.

We are opposed to it because the wealth of the city and nation is controlled by the dominant race, and most assuredly we cannot buy property unless that race sells; nor can we rent that property without the consent of that powerful oligarchy. Thus, before we can hold, occupy or possess real estate anywhere we must do it with the man higher up as the other contracting agency.

Finally, we are opposed to segregation because investigation will prove, contrary to the contention of the pro-segregationists, that Negroes do not depreciate property values, for when property occupied by them seemingly "runs down," it is not because the renter mutilates it, but because the owner does not

keep it in repair. Father Time "runs down" all neighborhoods, and unfortunately for the Negro, Time has already done its deadly work when the places are given over to him. And what seems an evil that goes with the Negro in the occupancy of property, is in reality a natural consequence of both things and men.

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## Birth

By William Rose Benet

HER voice comes to me muffled by the ceiling,  
There is a creak, a footstep, and her voice—  
And yet a voice not hers—rises and falls  
And sinks on throbbing silence. . . . I remember  
Mimi, my sister's doll, that came from France.  
You wound her spring up with a flat brass key.  
A click of clock-work, and her wigged head turned,  
Her bisque arms rose, nasally she announced  
"Ma-ma!" "Pa-pa!" "Ma-ma!" "Pa-pa!" until  
The mechanism, failing, spaced the syllables  
Further and further apart, and the head jerked  
Slower and slower, and the arms stopped at last  
Outstretched in stiff and staring supplication.

A relevant memory! It's very queer  
How torture fingers triviality.

How does one reconcile it? Why should she  
Suffer like—that? . . . The moans are so sing-song  
And horribly monotonous,—the cries  
They rise into, so eldritch!

Yes, I know

That that's the drug; I know that that's the drug.

Christ!

And now there they're murmuring again  
Above.

This newel-post has got the ague.  
The bannister must be rotten. We'll break our necks  
On these damned stairs some day. Half of the  
treads  
Screech so. I never noticed it before.

In there—what are they fatuously murmuring?  
Rustle and creak and—silence.

Now the moaning  
Rhythmic, monotonous, begins again.

One must stay clenched, or fly to fiddle-strings.  
Clenched!—hands dug into hair and elbows jammed  
Into the knees, to keep from crashing down  
The stairs, bursting the door, and raving out  
Into the street.

The desperate, pricking tears  
Gather and gather and gather behind the eyes  
Despite all battling. . . . Impotent, maudlin fools  
We men are!—our women plunged in pits of flame  
And torn by tractile knives, and wrenched and  
wrung,

And beast-assaulted over and over again  
By Pain, by ravaging, exulting Pain,—  
Worried and shaken and ripped and torn in the jaws  
Of red-hot, raging agony! And men  
Flourishing puerile attitudes toward life,  
In hypocritical dalliance with ideas  
Bragging from Monday round to Saturday,  
Centered on lust!

Oh, we are master minds,  
We affable, energetic cogs in the wheels  
Of clattering chaos that we fondly call  
Industry,—yes, even we dropsical dreamers  
Who dawdle with visions through dyspeptic noons  
Whining for leisure and the time to build,  
Calling ourselves creators!

Holy God,  
What have we ever created, what has wrung  
Our loins ever like this—to bear a child,

Where ever on the flinty, tortuous way  
Have we stood up in the power of the very fiend  
With only babbled sentiment in our ears  
From the sappy world, and braved the jaws of Hell  
Foreknowing its ordeal by eating fire,  
Its grinding gurge, and all its corridors  
Paved, walled, and ceiled with red, flesh-shrivelling  
steel,—

Knowing the serpents of oblivion  
Heaving in miry darkness past their light,  
Knowing in utter loneliness and anguish  
The lamp of the world thrust into our trembling  
hands

And a voice thundering, "You alone must bear  
This fight, and bring the Future!"—when have we,  
For all our knotted sinews and rough jests  
Defying danger, plucked the fiery fruit  
Of anguish from the writhing boughs of dread,  
Weaponless, naked, helpless, tossed through leagues  
On leagues of withering torment?

We have faced  
Some obvious dangers of the open day,  
We have delved in much remote arcana, and caught  
Various diseases of Fear, and fought with them;  
We have done laudable and swaggering deeds  
Of strength—crumbled a cliff or bridged a swamp—  
Or tamed a microbe. We have sometimes risen  
On too black a tyrant and painted streets with blood  
Until our glut of temporary impatience  
Fell sleek again.

But we have never taken  
Disaster to our breast as though it were  
The unfolding petals of a perfect dream,—  
Embraced red agony, with no heroics,  
But mother-murmuring lips—have never felt  
The impatience of new generations beating  
The walls of our own body—known we were  
Suddenly made the furious audience-chamber,  
Literally, of God's replies to Man—  
Nor, shaken by such prescience, have we ever  
Surrendered to the blinding billows of pain  
To be buffeted inert 'twixt Life and Death,  
Without banners or bugles or the leaping wine  
Of strong revolt—but meeting with acceptance  
One of Life's commonplaces, in whose gulf  
Our tortured body arched on the hissing rack  
That through our limbs the Forerunner of new  
dawns  
Might sweat and breathe and send the hope of  
Earth.

This is creation.

No intense dry ache  
Of the alleys brain has set such living words  
Before the world as has a woman's womb.  
The final disaster or triumph of an age  
Is hers. She is the arsenal of God's arms,  
His threshing-floor to winnow foul from fair.  
Knowledge past good and evil smoothes the quiet  
Of her healing breasts from sunsets round her heart.  
White vessel of the wine of all the world  
She glimmers against the violet evening light  
Drawing God down in stars to secrecy  
That lives in her, most like deep Paradise  
Flower-fragrant, moon-remembered, opaline.

Moaning—moaning—and choked abhorring cries  
Nearer a gasp.

If I were knit of stone  
I could not feel futile paralysis  
More keenly in this violent hour of hers.  
I have heard my name. Again I hear my name  
In that strange voice that is not hers—and is. . . .  
There is a murmuring, creaking . . . all is still.

Abruptly a rasping and wrathful little cry  
Tumbles headlong out of the dizzy silence.  
Another, another, following high and fast—  
Remarkably personal.

The door flips open.  
The nurse whisks past me. Even in her haste she  
is smiling.  
"Hello Father!" she chuckles. . . .



## How to Invest

By Francis A. House

WHEN and how to invest accumulated funds constitutes a perplexing problem to all thrifty persons not endowed with extensive knowledge of financial affairs. It confronts them every few months or years, according to their individual abilities to earn and to save. They have been taught that surplus money should not be allowed to remain idle for any length of time, and the practical value of this bit of materialistic philosophy has been brought home to them in the course of personal experiences and observations.

They remember the shrewd sayings of Benjamin Franklin respecting success in life; likewise the cynical remark of Jay Gould that "it's easier to make money than to keep it." As a result, their minds are swayed both by impelling and deterring influences whenever the task of deciding upon an investment challenges their attention.

For their benefit, as also for that of bankers, insurance officials, trustees, and capitalistic and professional parties in general, there has appeared a timely and interesting book on "Sound Financing," by Paul Clay. It comes from the press of Moody's Magazine and Publishing Co., New York. It's clearly and simply written, and comprehensive withal. Although it presupposes in the reader considerable fundamental knowledge of money and stock markets and of important branches of commerce and industry, it achieves its broad educational purposes with singular facility. The different kinds of securities are aptly and succinctly dealt with. In the discussion and classification of their respective merits, we are familiarized with Government, State, municipal, railroad, industrial, public service, commercial, and irrigation issues; also with the merits or demerits of preferred and common shares.

A good deal of emphasis is placed upon the investment virtues of municipal bonds. We are told that they yield from  $4\frac{1}{4}$  to  $5\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, according to the condition of the bond market and the investment standing of each particular municipality. In the panic of 1907, they depreciated about 11 per cent, in comparison with an average 5 per cent decline in the values of United States bonds. The author does not forget to point out, incidentally, that the growth of city debts has materially changed the market position of securities of this class. "Formerly they ranked far ahead of railroad mortgages, and yielded about one per cent less; but now there is very little difference in intrinsic merits between underlying railroad mortgage bonds and the best municipal issues."

With respect to this matter, we should not become oblivious of the quite astonishing change for the better in the demand and values for city, county, school district and street improvement bonds in the past twelve months. Numerous issues are at present quoted at prices denoting net returns of 4 and  $4\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, and even less. Two or three years ago, they yielded  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 or  $5\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. St. Louis City 4s, for instance, are currently quoted at 101 or  $101\frac{1}{4}$ ; they could be bought at 98 not long ago. In part, the favorable turn is the consequence of the tax-exemption clause in the Federal income tax; otherwise it reminds us of the substantially mended state of the money market and of the increasing appreciation among thoughtful investors of the highly creditable record of municipal securities. It remains true, though, that values still are below the best records established in the 1890-1902 period.

Mr. Clay has a decidedly favorable opinion as to the investment virtues of the better class of gas and electric and iron and steel corporations; likewise as to those of equipment trust notes emitted by railroad corporations. Of street railway bonds he does not think well, generally speaking. I concur in his view. As he rightly remarks, "street railway companies do not carry large amounts of cash or current assets, and their revenues are very frequently

the subject of political agitation. Hence it is that their bonds are semi-speculative.' Further on, he declares that "among street railway bonds some of the underlying issues are high-grade,—a few of them ranking ahead of gas and electric light bonds." The essential accuracy of this statement is demonstrated by the high prices for the bonds of subsidiary properties of the St. Louis United Railways Co. Cautious investors do not hesitate to pay 99 to  $106\frac{1}{2}$  for them, though the 4 per cent bonds of the controlling corporation are quoted at 64 or  $64\frac{1}{4}$ .

In discussing the purchasing of desirable investment stocks on the Exchange or Exchanges, the author proffers the uninitiated shrewd and wholesome advice. "The time to buy is around the end of a bear movement. But when is this? It is futile to give complicated methods of analysis, since the man unfamiliar with finance could not use them, and therefore a perfectly definite course of action must be suggested, and this must err on the side of safety. One who observes the following three rules will either err on the side of safety, or not err at all.

"(1) Wait, before buying, one full year from the date on which the last bull market ended, as indicated by the Wall Street Journal's average of twenty rails, or by the average given in *Dun's Review* of sixty rails.

"(2) Even then do not buy until some of the leading averages of the bond prices have gone off at least  $8\frac{3}{4}$  points, and subsequently rallied at least one point, and held above the lowest at least two months.

"(3) Even then do not buy unless one of the above averages of railroad stock prices has shrunk since the attainment of the top of the last bull movement by at least 20 per cent.

"The man who follows these stringent rules will buy the right stocks, and get them at approximately the right time."

Wholesome advice, as I said. But the experienced trader in Wall Street will remember that every rule has its exceptions. Quite frequently, he will rely more on the promptings of intuition than on the established precepts. He will also bear in mind that the unexpected does happen sometimes and plays the very deuce with the financial fortunes of the man who placed his trust in rules and charts and "tips." We know what startling things did happen to the "bulls" in 1914, and to the "bears" in 1915.

As regards success in marginal speculation, the author is utterly skeptical. It is "feasible only to men of extremely rare qualities of mind and will." Correct. But it is feasible also to parties who have inside information or foreknowledge of coming events in the lives of governments and corporations, or who make a practice of abusing or misusing the confidence put in them by friends and business associates.

Some thought should be bestowed likewise upon the activities and *modus operandi* of cliques and "blind pools." Such parties have wrought miracles of fraud and gathered untold millions of profits in recent times.

♦♦♦♦

## To J. W. R.

By Rudyard Kipling

*The celebrations of James Whitcomb Riley's birthday have elicited metrical tributes from half a dozen poets, among them Rudyard Kipling. This poem is in the Englishman's best vein. It is an antidote to some of his recent prose ravings.*

YOUR trail runs to the westward,  
And mine to mine own place;  
There is water between our lodges,  
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verses  
'Tis easy to guess the rest—

Because in the hearts of the children  
There is neither East nor West.

Born to a thousand fortunes  
Of good or evil hap,  
Once they were kings together,  
Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know that secret—  
Yellow and black and white—  
When they meet as kings together,  
In innocent dreams at night.

By a moon they all can play with  
Grubby and grimed and unshod—  
Very happy together,  
And very near to God.

Your trail runs to the westward,  
And mine to my own place;  
There is water between our lodges,  
And you cannot see my face—

And that is well—for crying  
Should neither be written nor seen,  
But if I call you Smoke-in-the-Eyes,  
I know you will know what I mean.

♦♦♦♦

## Our Debt to England

By Horace G. Kauffman

RECENTLY, in a conversation on the ever-present, disheartening, but almost unavoidable subject of the European War, the following language was used in giving the speaker's reason for the sympathy he was showing: "I am pro-Ally, because this country owes so much to England."

By way of parenthesis, it may be said that the writer hopes to see the present war end in a draw. He believes that civilization will be best served in that way, and so he has no sympathy with any of the belligerents which leads him to wish for the success of one over the others. When his American ancestors came to this country from Switzerland, several decades before the War of the Revolution, German-Swiss on one side and French-Swiss on the other, and later the critical days of American Independence drew on, his forbears saw with much satisfaction efficient and honored representatives of their national blood come from across the sea to aid the patriot cause in the persons of Steuben and De Kalb, La Fayette and Rochambeau. It is not difficult for this descendant, therefore, to be neither pro-Ally, nor pro-German. But he is intensely pro-American, and where the interests of the United States are in any degree concerned, he wants a public sentiment which will be as quick and insistent in demanding compliance with international law on the part of the Triple Entente as on the part of the Triple Alliance, which will hold England to strict accountability for insolent Orders in Council equally with Germany for barbarous submarine warfare.

"I am pro-Ally, because this country owes so much to England." That remark invites an excursion into a field of history where are found some outstanding facts which have not received from American historians the attention, nor been given the publicity, demanded by their interest and importance. The explanation is not far to seek. American civilization is and has been from the beginning continental as well as British. It is cosmopolitan. The earliest population included English, Scotch, Dutch, Swedish, German and French colonists. This being true, it happens that most histories of the United States have been written by men of English antecedents, whose predilections, not to say prejudices, have led them along the beaten path of English history only, on account of which much in American life which comes from sources other than



English has not been chronicled by them at all. Besides, even in matters in which they were fully informed, there was the ever-present temptation to give undue credit to their ancestors and their ancestral land, resulting, when yielded to, as it often was, in making of their writing, instead of history, a mere hagiology. This is recognized by Sir Henry Maine in his volume, "Popular Government." There are exceptions, however, in able authors as Richard Hildreth, and Brooks Adams.

Of course, the United States owes much that is of value to England. We speak the language of Shakespeare, we read with intimate appreciation the poems of Milton and the essays of Addison, and we go to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights for inspiration in democratic government. English common law forms the foundation of our jurisprudence, dispensing justice between litigants through its trial by jury and safeguarding liberty by its writ of habeas corpus. In the lives of Sir Philip Sidney, Oliver Cromwell, Horace Walpole, William Pitt, Lord Mansfield and other distinguished sons of England, we find achievements that are legacies of ours as well as Great Britain's.

Against such willingly acknowledged indebtedness to England, there is charged up on the other side of the ledger, in ink which does not fade, the tyranny over us of the English Parliament when we were struggling for a foothold as far away colonists on the shores of a new and strange land, ending in the War of the Revolution; that nation's insolent claim of the right of search and seizure on the high seas, destructive alike to our commerce and our liberty, with the resultant War of 1812, and our humiliation in the capture of our national capital and the burning of the home of our president; and again her rank unfriendliness in our time of need in the dark days of the Civil War, when the government at London flauntingly favored the Southern Confederacy, whose belligerency might have been acknowledged had it not been for the influence with the Queen of a man of German birth and breeding, her husband, Prince Albert.

First among the forces which have built up American civilization but which are not of English origin and for which nothing is owing to England are our free public schools. These were first in use in this country among the Dutch settlers of New York, next in Massachusetts and afterwards in the other northern colonies, but not till a much later date south of Mason and Dixon's Line. Those of Massachusetts, of the early date of 1647, were not free, except to such families as were unable to pay. In New York they were, from the beginning, state schools, free to all. Nothing like them existed in England. There education was a matter of private initiative and long remained so. It was not until the year 1839 that the British Parliament made its first appropriation for primary education. The year 1609 was a memorable one for democracy. Then it was that the Dutch Republic was founded. With that event and even before, while yet a handful of brave people kept up the fight for modern civilization against the powerful and relentless armies and the fiendish plots of that enemy of mankind, Philip II of Spain, there were established, besides universities, like that of Leyden, for higher education, common schools, directed and maintained by the state, open and free to all. These schools were flourishing in the Netherlands when emigration to America brought about the settlement of New Amsterdam. They were a heritage of the old home and were transplanted to the new. During the sojourn of eleven years at Delft, before emigrating to America, the Pilgrim Fathers of New England were familiar with these public schools. They established similar ones in Massachusetts. From this beginning has grown our splendid system of secondary education, prized as the cornerstone of our temple of learning and as the bulwark of the republic. The debt is not to England.

Another matter is that of the written or secret

ballot. The method of voting which obtained in England when the settlement of the American colonies took place and had been from time immemorial was that of *viva voce*, or a showing of hands. In the Netherlands the Reformed churches elected their ministers by means of "voting papers," as they were called. The first use made of the written ballot in this country was for the same purpose—at Salem church, in 1629. In 1639 the system was incorporated by Thomas Hooker, who had lived in Holland, into the constitution of Connecticut, famous in other ways as well. It soon became with us and has remained an indispensable requisite of popular government. The debt is not to England.

In jurisprudence there are instances likewise. Our public registry of deeds and mortgages was unknown in England when adopted here. There the land was owned then, as it is to day, in large holdings by the aristocracy, "the common people being kept landless to make them dependent." The former frowned upon the publicity of a record, as an interference with their private affairs. In the Netherlands the government favored a general distribution of land and many landed proprietors. William of Orange introduced the recording of documents of land transfer, the better to safeguard the people's rights. France had agitated without success the division of the land into small holdings, but the French Huguenots who emigrated to America renewed in the colonies their activity for such proprietorship, along with public registry. Massachusetts was the first of the colonies to adopt the system, which soon became general and is now in every corner of the land a vital part of the security of land titles. We would not think of getting along without it. It is not derived from England.

In our administration of justice we provide a public officer to represent the state in all criminal prosecutions and do his utmost in bringing about a conviction, while at the same time we accord to the prisoner the right of counsel for his defense, as well as the right to compel the attendance of witnesses in his behalf. The first of these provisions was unknown to English judicial procedure when made part of ours, and has remained so, except in a limited way. It was advocated by Lord Brougham, without avail. The second and third were not incorporated into the law of England until as late as 1836, though eloquent speeches had been made repeatedly in Parliament in favor of them, including the highly emotional plea of the Earl of Shaftesbury, in 1824. When we added the three to our state constitutions and, in 1791, to the Federal constitution, by amendment, did we invent them? One cannot think so in view of the fact that all of them were included in the humane and progressive body of law of the Dutch Republic, under whose enlightened government the settlers of two of the American colonies had lived. The debt is not to England.

Much of our general law, commonly regarded as of English origin, because colonists from Britain transplanted it here, is not primarily English law at all, but comes from the civil law of Rome. It was taken from that great body of jurisprudence, the greatest the world has known, and made part of the law of England by the English chancellors, the keepers of the King's conscience, who were specifically appointed to remedy the limitations and ameliorate the harshness of the common law, and whose prolonged fight with the judges of the common law courts for recognition of the civil law gives them honored names on two continents. This transfer of Roman law to England comprises all matters of dower, divorce, foreclosure of mortgages, injunctions, partition, administration of estates, care of minors, and in short, most private law. A re-transfer brought the contribution to America. Since it came to us from Rome *via* London the debt in the first instance is not to England.

In some cases England refused to adopt an enlightened provision of the civil law and retained the less intelligent common law. An example is

"the insolent law of primogeniture." Among the Romans all the children shared equally in the inheritance of property. This became the law of most of Europe, including the Netherlands. The United States chose the equitable rule. The debt is not to England.

It was but natural that the first public effort against slavery in this country should be made by the countrymen of William Tell. This was a petition of the German-Swiss settlers of Pennsylvania as early as 1688, addressed to their co-colonists, the Quakers, urging the abolition of slavery. Their orthography, like that of George Washington, could have been better. But what is mere spelling when liberty is the watchword?

English civilization itself is cosmopolitan. English character is a composite of the qualities of Britons, Saxons, Normans, Danes and Dutch. From these varied sources England has received customs and ideas which, welded together and developed along with the contributions bequeathed by elder nations, have made the virile product of to-day. The same process, at work during three centuries, has made the United States what it is now. England is proud of her success; we are proud of ours. Let us hope that each may continue to be proud.

♦♦♦♦

## In Li'l Ol' N' Yo'k

By McCorkle McNabb

**B**ACK in New York after three years' absence! More than ever oppressed by the size of the vast human ant hill, and the number of the ants. More than ever wishful for the broad sweep of the coastal prairies, the clean winds untainted by any human breath, the silken sunshine, the weedy wild grasses starred with yellow flowers, and the night magic of the milky moonlight that makes a nester's cabin look like a fairy palace.

Back in New York, studying the human animal from a new angle. By day, in a twelfth-floor office overlooking Hudson river at short range, hearing the rising roar of the Curb Market lunatics who pack Broad street from curb to curb in front of the next building. Lunatics? Well, I don't know. They are gamblers, and I believe modern social science classifies gamblers with "other criminals" as defectives—material for the alienists. Still, it occurs to me they must be a healthy lot, what with rushing and roaring out there in the open air half a dozen hours daily, warm in heavy overcoats and overshoes, caps with ear muffs and gloved like winter teamsters on the old Wyoming trail, most of them. I haven't tried to understand how they do the gambling. I see them thrust up right arms and make deaf and dumb finger signs to some chaps sitting in the open windows of second and third-story offices on either side of the street. It is evident they understand each other. Anyhow, they make bets on the rise and fall of stocks—the "War Babies" mostly, I'm told.

Somehow, it pleases me to find such open and candid gambling still regarded by an American community as respectable. I don't know just how respectable it is thought to be, but at any rate I've been watching the show for some weeks now, going and coming past it day after day, and I've not yet seen the police raid the crowd. It pleases me, I say, because I have never been wholly convinced we weren't making a mistake in putting the social ban upon so many of the free diversions of earlier American days. It is less than thirty years ago, in Denver, when, as a silent (and usually absent) partner of One Lung Smith in a Sixteenth street faro bank, I saw the most respected citizens drop in at evening for a turn or two or a half-hour at the roulette wheel or the stud table—and nobody dreamed of thinking them the worse for it. Nobody was ever hurt, or even roughly addressed, during the three months of my interest in the Silver Moon. It was one of the best-mannered places in town, not



excepting the churches. Low tones, studied courtesy of manner, the smiling address, good sportsmanship and quick generosity—these were the paramount characteristics of the resort, as I recall it, under Smith's inspiration and guidance.

I recall, from about the same period, a picture of the main street of Cheyenne. A wide street, lined with shade trees on either side. At the head of it the State Capitol, perhaps half a dozen blocks up from the railroad depot. On either side of the street, near the depot, stores, a bank or two—and two open, street level, entirely respectable gambling houses. One could—and did—buy meat at the market (going home to lunch), step into the grocery next door for some fruit or vegetables, and into the gambling room next the grocery to play a turn or two just by way of indulgence, or diversion, or to evoke a pleasant glow of excitement—a kind of relaxation after a stiff morning's work. The gambling room there I remember ran faro, roulette and stud. Its front doors were wide open, its windows unshaded, its operations visible to any passer upon the sidewalk not more than a dozen feet from the nearest table. The dealers in shirt sleeves, suave and amiable and self-respecting as church deacons; the players conscious of nothing wrong in their conduct. Arcadian simplicity! taken from us by a too sophisticated breed from the farther East, folks conscious of their own meanness, I suppose, and unable to understand and fairly to appraise the virtues of the social system they overweighted and very soon abolished.

One of the reasons I have always refused to become respectable, dates from an observation of humanity I made and recorded in those days. I noticed it in the attitude of the newcomers toward such gambling as the West knew without guile and without reproach, and especially in their attitude toward women. And I said to myself: "What rotten minds these respectable people have!" After that, I always felt that if I ever became socially respectable I'd lose my own respect.

I get something of that impression again here in the New York I've been meeting—not the business New York in which my days are spent; that's clean and vigorous and strenuous enough to satisfy anybody—but the up-town night New York—the New York of the cafes, theaters, newspapers and avenues.

The *Saturday Evening Post* last week had a leading article telling how New York is on a riotous splurge of extravagance, blowing the loot made in war munition sales. Maybe so, but it strikes me, comparing it with earlier periods of countrywide prosperity—just normally good American times—that this present "riotous splurge" is a piking performance. I've dropped into most of the big gay places at night, looking on curiously, and I have failed to see any real gaiety manifested. These spenders are not smiling, not charged with the reckless spirit of youth, not making light-hearted love over their booze and truffles, the way their forerunners used to do. And the old waiters tell me the talk about lavish spending is mostly bunk. "I used to make \$10 to \$20 a night years ago," one fine old chap told me, as he brought my drink in one of the dollar-a-minute joy shops. "I'm lucky to make \$5 or \$6 a night these days," he added. That's the acid test.

This Eastern country has a guilty conscience. It is troubled over the war munitions trade. It sees helmets in its sleep. That's why it is so hot for having the country go hell bent into a billion-dollar-a-year preparedness programme. That and its knowledge that such a programme will keep the mushroom munition factories going full time after the European war demand ceases. New York has been watching Wilson's Western pilgrim's progress, and reading pages and pages of reports of it sent back by staff correspondents of the newspapers, with intense eagerness. New York has been keenly appraising, from the newspaper reports, Wilson's evident failure to set the Mid-Western prairies on fire with his theatrical talks about mysterious menaces.

The East begins to see that there is a possibility—a bare possibility—that Wilson can't win again. And that's a good deal of a compliment to pay to the East's myopic vision. As a rule, the East can't see the country west of the Alleghenies at all.

Just this minute the railroads and the hard coal mine owners are mobilizing to stall off demands from their employes for wage increases. The railroads, it is said, are preparing to wage a campaign of publicity in the newspapers—maybe are now waging it; one sees a lot of articles that look as if they were of the old "inspired" sort, that fool nobody and merely serve to enrage the public. The coal mine owners, buying space in all the dailies have apparently hired the shade of the late Dr. Johnson to write a series of ponderous and sleep-producing arguments addressed "To the Users of Anthracite," wherein they say they are willing to raise wages if the public is willing to foot the bills in higher coal prices. It sometimes looks as if these financial big fellows had less sense than anybody else alive. Here and there among them is one who hasn't become insulated against the common intelligence, hasn't come to regard himself and his kind as exempt from the common social responsibilities. But they're few and far between—this kind.

It is worth noting that these groups of big corporations turn to the public through the newspaper advertising columns, nowadays, instead of merely telling the public to go to hell and hiring armies of strike-breakers, as in the recent past. One of these days the labor unions will get wise to the new tactics. They, too, will use part of their war funds buying advertising space in which to get their side of the story before the public, whose verdict is, in the long run, decisive—each year more certainly so.

NEW YORK CITY, February 4, 1916.

♦♦♦♦

## Concerning a Legacy

By Harry B. Kennon

YOU, Felix, who know that Fortune has never been fickle to me—since to have been that she must have been more than kind betimes—will, I am sure, rejoice with me. . . . I have to-day received a legacy.

I can scarcely expect one so filled with the present moment as you, to recall immediately E. B. G., who has thus remembered me; for the world which she knew—a dignified world at its liveliest—has seen little of her for many years; for the last few, less and less. I, to my regret, have not looked into her twinkling blue eyes for more than a decade. And yet she did not forget me in passing. Is that not fine!

And think of it! E. B. G. was born on a Christmas day more than ninety years ago. Think of it! Think of what she had seen—hers were seeing eyes, if merry; think of what experience, for hers was a time of great and varied experience to American men and women in every walk of life. She had known days not plenteous. I remember well a prayer that fell from the lips of her good husband, whom she long survived, when, night and morning, the family assembled: "Lord give us neither riches nor poverty." The prayer was answered.

I can almost see you smile—recalling E. B. G. begets no sorrow—for I know that I have jogged your memory; carried you back into the last century when we youngsters considered those family prayers an interference, a bore to be dodged. Were they not, in reality, lovely *intermezzos*? And did we escape them? I think but rarely; E. B. G.'s gentle announcement of the hour, her kindly authority, always made us compliant. Surely you will recall a night when we were all dancing in the long north parlor; you danced with Mimi—'twas the "Beautiful Blue Danube" then, and poesy! Surely you see little, plump, rosy-cheeked E. B. G. standing

in the doorway, hear her quiet warning: "Children!" . . . We were no longer children and the night but young—ten yet to strike; but we trooped across the hall to prayers, every mother's son of us. And the short devotions over, why, we trooped back again, and the "Danube"—or was it "My Queen?"—flowed on, beautifully. Sometimes E. B. G. and the bedward bound oldsters would pause at the door to watch us dancing. Theirs was no Puritanic household, though fine faith and discipline informed it.

You, who have been a some time frequent guest of that house, as I was, will bear me out in saying who was the spirit of it; will give testimony to the wondrous hospitable elasticity of it that found space and food and friendliness for more than reason could expect, when some festivity lured us young men of the town out to K—. And this without jar or creaking of machinery that must have given E. B. G. moments of laborious thought in its adjustment. Why, you and I have slept in the little room out over the woodshed—have you ever slept sweeter, breathed air of finer content? Truly the Christmas spirit abided in that house the year around, the spirit of E. B. G., Christmas child, woman, wife, mother, friend.

Despite the prayer for no riches, how rich she was; how we cubs accepted of her abundance without taking thought of the giver, so simple her giving. And now she has passed beyond gratitude never exacted; her garnered store of keepsakes is being distributed as she willed. To me she has bequeathed a little, old-time, silver fruit knife. . . .

A table piled high with grapes of every purple, russet pears and blushing apples spreads before me, a table garnished with flowers autumnal and leaves aflame—the annual harvest supper in E. B. G.'s country home. Gayety rules the feast, for youth surrounds it—none so young of heart as she who blesses it. I choose my fruit knife. . . .

When last I saw E. B. G. I was passing through trouble that she knew of, but—exquisite tact!—forbore to mention. I can feel the pressure of her tiny hand at parting, treasure her benediction, "God bless you!"

My legacy is priceless, Felix. Rejoice!

♦♦♦♦

## Grace Before Reading

By Helen Coole Crew

MYRIAD-LEAVED as an elm;  
Starred with shining word and phrase;  
Wondrous words that overwhelm,  
Phrases vivid, swift, divine;  
Gracious turn of verse and line—  
O God, all praise  
For a book; its tears, its wit,  
Its faults, and the perfect joy of it!

Oh, to dip  
Headlong in! Cleaving down  
Through lucent depths of verb and noun  
To the rare thought that lies  
Embedded; and arise  
Pearl-laden toward the skies,  
Blowing bright foam of adjectives about one's lip!

*Sappho—burning heart of her;  
Sweet Saint Francis, star-besprent;  
Young Kit Marlowe, sped and spent;  
Montaigne, royal gossip;  
Brave Munchausen, dauntless liar;  
Lamb's dear whimsy; Shelley's flight;  
Hot Catullus all afire;  
Shakespeare, chiefest heart's delight!*

O God, all praise!  
That in brief, swift days  
Thou mad'st the world's green gardens, and forsook  
Thy labor, leaving man and time to make the book!

From *The Outlook*.



## Letters From the People

### The Limit

Denver, Colo., Jan. 30, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Once upon a time I was amusing my little granddaughter, aged three, by taking down the mantel ornaments for her inspection. Wearied at last, as she kept pointing out things she wanted to see, I said, "Oh, Dorothy, there is a limit." I had hardly finished the sentence when she cried out, "Please show me the limit."

It strikes me that Mr. Hervey, in the MIRROR, January 21, has shown us "the limit" in captious criticism, under the heading, "Apropos Poetical Patterns." He quotes:

"In summer and in winter I shall walk  
Up and down  
The patterned garden paths  
In my stiff brocaded gown,"

And some more.

First he exclaims: "The sadness of it! That she has no other gown, no other garden, nothing at all to do but perpetually perambulate 'up and down.'"

Then he questions—"Can not she hie herself to Paris \* \* \* for brocade of another pattern? \* \* \* And why, oh why, can not she go out of the garden?" etc.

I am shy of foreign phrases but—this to those who know—isn't that an extreme case of *reductio ad absurdum*?

I have been accused of being "some critic" myself, but if I ever indulge in anything like that, may somebody criticise me good and hard.

Did Mr. Hervey never have a mood in which everything seemed dull and gray and monotonous, and when it seemed as if it would go on, and on, and on in the same old way, world without end? If not, I suppose he is incapable of understanding the feelings of the poor lady in the brocaded gown.

In New England a footstool is a "cricket." A Boston schoolboy, befuddled on the meaning of words, as is usual with the victims of our educational (?) system, defined "critic" as "something to put your feet on." Since reading Mr. Hervey's criticism I am inclined to think the boy had the right idea.

"I welcome and adore criticism," has been one of my frequent assertions; but now I pray, from such as John L. Hervey's, good Lord deliver us. Any piece of writing subjected to that unsympathetic sort of treatment could be made ridiculous.

CELIA BALDWIN WHITEHEAD.

❖

### Two Newspaper Artists

St. Louis, February 5, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

You seem to be appreciative of what the other fellow is doing. Why have you overlooked the work of the *Post-Dispatch* newspaper artists, in humorous pictures, Jean Knott and Lemen—I don't know the latter's front name?

That careful abandon in Knott's work is splendid. Take his Sunday pictures illustrating comic applications to individual life of some phrase like Preparedness or Safety First. It is the essence of that middle-class domestic humor that has such little tragic implications. It hits us all, for we are all middle class—we are all worried about

bills; we all have little family jars over wife's shopping bills; we all look for a raise of salary—in vain; we row with the janitor because of lack of heat; we all have or want to have our little auto and to get our gasoline for less. All these things Jean Knott presents to us in pictures of elaborately achieved archaic crudity—the art of the cave-dweller, or the art of the rudely cut-out pasteboard figure. But Knott takes his automata and gives them the touch of caricature. He has fine fun with "the common people" in their little trials and troubles. He's a sure shot for a laugh.

Then look at his daily pictures of the incidents of the great American game—poker. He calls the series "Penny Ante." Here is the flat-dweller at his undisguised human average. Here are the people we all know, funny in the seriousness with which they take the game—the growling over someone's being shy on the ante, the ironic chaffing of the man who can't decide whether to raise or pass out, the explanation

of the why of the beating of a good hand by a poor one. In the "balloons" of those pictures you get American speech with its wit and its sarcasm and its extravagant figurativeness, as it really is. "Penny Ante" is human nature in undress.

Now there's Lemen. His cartoonlets on either the editorial page or the one opposite are always felicitous in idea. They are a little more refined in idea than Knott's. But it's their art I want you to notice. Just look at his line—it sweeps and flows. It is at once neat and free. And there's nothing in the picture that is not necessary. He gives to his simplicity a decorative quality. But over and above that I want to call attention to the way in which he gets the effect of brilliance in his blacks and his whites. The whole picture glitters. I don't recall anything in black and white, to which Lemen's can be compared for the richness of black and white, except Aubrey Beardsley's wonderful contrasts. Lemen's work does not get over into new art, but it has a

distinction in that it is fine without ever becoming "pretty." There is a foreign touch to it, no doubt, but it is a touch of care for the picture as picture, quite distinct from, but not in neglect of, the point the picture is to drive home. He is artist and humorist. Some day Lemen will be one of our great illustrators, quite different from the perpetrators of the illustrations in our books to-day.

Knott and Lemen, in their separate stars, are worth a hand from THE MIRROR.

PALETTE.

❖

### More About Poetry

Ash Grove, Mo., February 4, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The memory of my good friend, Robertus Love, is a little at fault when he quotes W. B. Yeats as saying that one may read Tennyson but one cannot admire him. What Yeats really said is, "One may admire Tennyson, but one cannot read him." Not that it matters much to anyone but Mr. Yeats himself. Almost anyone would rather

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admire without reading than read without admiring. However, there are two sides to this new poetry question. If the revolutionary versifiers will forgive me for doing so "banal" a thing as quote Longfellow—

"Nothing useless is or low;  
Each thing in its place is best."

Free verse, in so far as it is poetry, is good in its place. The worst that can be said of it is that it makes verse writing too dead easy. Rhyme and meter were no handicap to the true poets, and those to whom they are such, could not write poetry with or without them. But on the other hand, bad verse minus the—alleged—rhyme and meter is possibly less painful than the other way about. We are confronted by a new poetry which is neither poetry (a good deal of it) nor new. Free verse is at least as old as Job, who made pretty fair poetry of it, one must admit. An early feminine forerunner of Miss Amy Lowell was the author of "The Magnificat." That, by the way, is not only "free," but red-revolutionary poetry, which Robert, King of Sicily, forbade to be sung except in Latin, because of that seditious talk about putting down the mighty from their seat and exalting them of low degree.

There has been a considerable controversy of late as to whether Jesus was a revolutionary; a controversy led, we might say, by Bouck White for the affirmative and Katrina Trask for the negative, with Mary Austin occupying a sort of judicial middle ground. And there is always a controversy as to whether women in politics are or will be conservative or radical. But, anyway, it seems that the Mother of Jesus was one of those who occasionally have to be suppressed by the authorities.

Time will prove to what extent the modern *vers libre* is a passing fad. It cannot be that altogether. Its simplicity and directness are "all to the good" as a new poet might express it, and the motive of their simplicity is good—to the end that poets may at last—or again—speak to the man in the street; that the common people may hear them gladly. But do they—will they? They do not as yet. They have heard Whitman, though all he did was for "the common average man's sake." While the new verse is increasingly popular, there is already such a strong current setting in the opposite direction, that even our own poor old despised and rejected and perfectly bourgeois Longfellow is about to have a revival of popularity, as will be seen by reading *Harper's Weekly*, *The Dial*, and other equally high-frontlet publications of recent date.

But even yet, Mr. Love is rash in admitting that he reads Tennyson. Admires, possibly; not reads! It simply isn't done. Tennyson was a Victorian, and to call one a Victorian is like giving a dog a bad name—as well hang him at once. How one can even confess admiration for a Victorian—but Mr. Yeats did, and so far may we! To be sure, and quite seriously, Tennyson shouldn't have shrunk from the van and the freemen by allowing himself to be made a lord and laureate. In the main, writers of the new movement are nothing if not democratic, and in that I am sure Robertus Love is with them, even if he does cling to rhyme and meter, and



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so far forget himself as to read Tennyson.  
ELIZABETH WADDELL.

#### He'll do His Part

3523 Wyoming street,  
January 30, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Will you kindly permit a few remarks on your recent comments about preparedness, and your reference in the last issue of the MIRROR to the removal of Postmaster Morgan of New York?

Most of my acquaintances, and many of my old friends, who occasionally write to me from various states, are Americans whose ancestors were here anterior to the battle of Bunker Hill. They indignantly inquire why President Wilson does not do this, that or the other thing in this crisis. I always end the discussion by asking the question, "Are you going to be one of the men who will help Mr. Wilson to say 'Stop!' to whatever enemy comes along? Remember the next war will be no Spanish-American skirmish." Some become petulant, as if I doubted their patriotism, and so, for their benefit, I reason out one of the great sources of our weakness at the present time, and

the lesson that years in the government service has taught me. Here is a résumé of many of my letters and much of my conversation on the present condition of the country.

I point out that nearly twenty years ago I entered the service of the United States as a cavalry soldier and that I have since spent about twelve years in three branches of the government service.

Unfortunately, I was a complete failure as a soldier, as I was always too much disturbed over the fact that I had but one neck to break. Too self-conscious, I suppose. I never had ability enough to be a lance corporal, but there was nothing to prevent me from rising in the course of time to be the major general commanding. It had often been done in the United States army and I had seen the men who did it. If a man does not rise, the fault is in his stars or himself. The drill-sergeant may occasionally tell you some surprising things about your family, but he is not a bad fellow. You come to understand what Carlyle meant when he said in his old age, that "the only honest man he saw in sight was the drill-sergeant."

All those things I explain to my

friends about the army and pass on to that which leaves a bitter taste in my mouth—the civil service.

Some time after leaving the army I entered the post-office department as a railway mail clerk. I studied hard for a year before taking the preliminary examination, and I took at least fifty other examinations while I remained in that service. I had to prove to the entire satisfaction of my superiors that I was worthy of every advance they recommended me for. I finally resigned, thoroughly disheartened. It is true that, some years after leaving the mail service, I secured an appointment in one of the other departments, but I again handed in my resignation, having come to the same conclusion as President Cleveland, that "the government civil service was the graveyard of buried hopes."

You cannot run this government half spoils system and half civil service and the people must be made to see that. I did not vote for Mr. Wilson and I do not belong to Postmaster Morgan's party. After thirty years' faithful service, Mr. Morgan becomes, entirely through merit, the postmaster of the first and most foreign city in the coun-



try. What are the charges against him? That he personally believes in a little higher or lower tax on imports than is in conformity with the views of the existing administration. Why do you boast of your freedom when you put a penalty on a man's thoughts? In Germany they might have sent Mr. Morgan to prison for his opinions, but the chances are they would have made him Postmaster General.

I must go back to French history before the revolution for an analogy of present conditions here. In the armies of Louis XV and Louis XVI the plebeian officers wore a blue uniform while the aristocrats wore a white uniform trimmed with red, or a scarlet uniform. No matter how capable he was, the plebeian could hardly ever hope to rise in his profession. In one of his books, "The Girondin," Hilaire Belloc describes the transformation of the French army between the 10th of August, 1792, and the Battle of Valmy. Before the revolution, one Lieutenant Napoleon Bonaparte protested against the shameful condition of the French army, and nearly lost his job for it. The man with the blue uniform in the United States service is the unfortunate person who entered through merit. The man with the scarlet uniform is the man appointed to some high position because either he or some of his friends backed some other party that was successful in a political campaign.

Mr. Morgan has a profession, but you take it from him and if he protests you say "There goes a man with a grievance." Suppose Mr. Morgan belonged to some union and had his grievance committee wait on you, with threats of dire consequence if you did not comply with their demands? There would be some scurrying to cover—believe me.

There is equality in Uncle Sam's army and navy, but the "base alloy of hypocrisy" runs through every other service of his. Do you remember what happened to Pinchot and Glavis because they dared to stand up for the right? Did the present administration ever offer to reinstate either gentleman? In my time, two presidents tried to buck the politicians, but the politicians got them. I refer to Cleveland and Roosevelt. I am satisfied that Mr. Wilson would do away with those abuses if he could. In 1857, the year "Little Dorrit" and the Circumlocution Office first came before the public, the United States started tariff-tinkering. Sixty years later we have not settled that question. In the name of God, why? Let McCorkle McNabb, Eseepee, and others of your correspondents answer that question for me.

I have the deepest sympathy for Mr. Wilson, because I feel that unless things change in this country he will not get his army. No man that ever served a day in the regular army of the United States could be in favor of sending a small expedition into Mexico. It took England over seventeen years to get from Cairo to Khartoum, and that was a small undertaking in comparison with what an overland march to the City of Mexico now would be. We blundered in not supporting Diaz, and we again blundered in not accepting Huerta, but it is too late to talk about these things

now. Eventually we will have an army if this country is to endure and we must reform our civil service. Why not start now? Many of my comrades died in their youth on the Field of Honor, and their souls, I am sure, are gone to the Paradise of the Brave. Sometimes I have a vision of living to be a lonely old man, with all my friends swept away by war. I would far sooner die on the battlefield. If the provost marshal of the enemy comes among us, then we shall sup of horror and humiliation. Better be ruled by the most iron-handed dictator than the foreigner. That is the lesson that people born in conquered countries learn. The South knows it. May God keep the provost marshal of the enemy away from us. Here is one man who will do his part.

Respectfully,  
THOS. I. MACCAULEY.

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"Ethical Kultur"

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 7, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Sir:—A friend has sent me a cutting from a recent issue of your journal containing an article headed "Ethical Kultur," by William H. Seed, which purports to be a review of a recent

book of mine, but is, in fact, a malevolent tissue of falsehoods concerning the Ethical Movement and several of its leaders. It is for this reason that I venture to trouble you with a few words by way of disclaimer. Your contributor may misrepresent my book as he pleases. It will speak for itself to anyone who is fair enough to look into it, and it would be idle to attempt to convince anybody who will not do me that measure of justice.

Mr. Seed, without a tittle of evidence, asserts that the Ethical Movement is nothing but an apotheosis of middle-class respectability, that the badge of the tribe is the silk hat and the frock coat, and that I learned my philosophy "in Kensington and Bayswater." It would thus appear from Mr. Seed's account that I was born in so-called middle-class circles, and that my vision of life is necessarily limited to the horizon of that class. The fact is that the first Ethical Society I ever belonged to consisted of several hundred men and women, all of whom were, like myself, members of the working class. I was then a workingman; and my philosophy, whatever it may be worth, was learned by the midnight lamp,—without any such advantages of university tui-

tion as Mr. Seed was enabled by charity to enjoy at Oxford.

Mr. Seed thinks there is a necessary antithesis between being a workingman and being a gentleman, between being "middle-class" and being a Socialist. This is the more surprising since he is himself a middle-class person, and has certainly not been a workingman for a good many years, if he ever was one. But the explanation is simple: he is blinded by the unpsychological and exploded dogmatism of Karl Marx, whom he thinks the only infallible revealer of truth. Hence his entire inability to understand, or even to believe, that Ethical leaders can be sincere in their devotion to the interests of the poor and the oppressed.

The remarks Mr. Seed has thought fit to make about the career of my friend and teacher, Dr. Coit, are as irrelevant as they are malicious and untrue. Not satisfied with this venting of his jealousy, he drags in the name of Mr. Percival Chubb. Mr. Chubb was one of the founders of the Fabian Society in London. Mr. Seed makes the absolutely false assertion that the members of that Society are sham Socialists, and that they are all members of the middle-class. Whether he has spoken the truth

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on this point can easily be settled by anyone who will write to the Secretary of the Fabian Society in London for a copy of its Basis and its list of members.

On one point I am glad to be able to comfort Mr. Seed. He loathes respectability. It will doubtless be a pleasure to him to realize that neither I nor anybody else, who is in a position to compare his account of me and my book with the facts, will ever accuse him of being respectable—either for his judgment or for his manners.

Yours very truly,  
HORACE J. BRIDGES.

### Setting Us Right

Passaic, N. J., Feb. 8, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Why make merry over the author of the ballad of "Mary" in the MIRROR of February 4th, for his turning the noun suicide into the verb suicided?

Read "The Home Book of Verse," by Burton Egbert Stevenson (Henry Holt & Co., New York), the best compendium and anthology of verse in English since the compilation of Charles A. Dana, later enlarged by William Cullen Bryant. Look up the name of Sir John Suckling in the index. There you'll find, concerning the author of the "Ballad of a Wedding"—not in the collection, by the way, because of three or four wicked stanzas—this:

"Born at Whitton, Middlesex, England, in February, 1609; *suicided*, at Paris, France, 1642."

There's the warrant of antiquity for you. "Suicided" is all right.

And while you're dipping into "The Home Book of Verse," don't forget to look up "The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks," same compiler, same publisher. To possess and be familiar with these two excellent volumes is a liberal education in English—and American—poetry.

LUCY P. DINGWALL.

### The Sarcastic Subscriber

It is not very often that the editor and publisher of a periodical receives as good a letter as the one appended here. The writer of this letter, who is the cashier of the Manchester Bank of St. Louis, paid his annual subscription to a MIRROR solicitor, and not receiving the paper, wrote in a modest complaint. The Egeria of the Outer Office informed him that the solicitor, departing on his vacation immediately after collecting the money, had forgotten to turn it in. Here is the reply, which is "alone worth the price of admission:"

Mr. William Marion Reedy,  
Syndicate Trust Bldg.

Dear Sir: The explanation that your solicitor left for a month's vacation immediately after collecting \$2.00 from me for a year's subscription, interested me very much, and I hope that he found the amount sufficient for his needs.

Having taken the MIRROR for many years, I can appreciate the difficulties he must experience in inducing subscribers to contribute, and I am sure that his vacation was well earned.

I hope that at some time another victim may be found, and that the next

two dollars will be allotted to the overworked editor for a similar purpose.

Very truly yours,

AUGUST E. BROOKER.

February 5, 1916.

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## Franco-Belgic Art

By Louis Albert Lamb

This is where you save mileage, diner and Pullman fare to the Coast. The unexpurgated Panama Pacific fine arts exhibits of the French and Belgian Commissions are on view in five or six large galleries at the City Art Museum. Several hundred paintings and sculptures arrived mid-week in charge of Mr. Paul L. Snutsel and Miss Mason. Director Holland and his force fell to the task and by sundown Saturday night had the exhibition hung, so that early morning waders through the snow Sunday found the show all in shipshape. Mr. Snutsel was worried out of his sleep by a few irreconcilable "color curses." On the whole, however, the hanging was done with great skill, and ways will be found to smooth out little roughnesses that exist here and there on the walls. There's always danger of embroiling rival painters in professional jealousies. Blanche mustn't be hung less favorably than Doumergue, you see. La Touche must have such a position, notwithstanding his brilliancy throws everything else into the gray. So it goes. To avoid it a separate wall should be reserved for each frame, with the painter's name in burnished gold, port and starboard, fore and aft. But it can't be done.

This is an interesting show, though not up to the Salon of '89 and less important than the collections sent to the St. Louis and Chicago World's Fairs. What with the war and the suspension of art activity in Europe, it is a wonder anything was sent to San Francisco last year. But the exhibition is significant and valuable for the examples of great works done since 1870. The "Retrospective Exhibition" includes paintings by almost all the greatest men of French art and takes in all schools: Academic-classic, Secession, Impressionistic, Open-air, Symbolistic and "Nouveau." That is to say, it begins where the Barbizon group left off and shows us the net result of the revolt led by Manet on the one side and by Bastien-Lepage on the other, with Monet, Fantin-Latour, Legros, Mettling, Monticelli, Degas, Carrière and many more, rounding out the period of immense growth and progress in art achievement. Naturally, the show is a liberal education.

A hardware salesman, "lying over" for a day, drifted into the Galleries Sunday morning and took an unsophisticated look around. His eye lighted on La Touche's vermilion and orange hunting picture, with its sonorous blare of horns and trumpets. He objected to it "because it was untrue to nature."

"No such gaudy colors as that in nature, no sir-ee! I look at nature all the time when I am traveling. You can't fool me. Nothing like that anywhere. It's a kind of a disappointment to me. I thought French art made a strong point of being true to nature. Doesn't seem to be so. The Germans

'have it on' the French in that respect, at least if this is a fair sample of French art. Oh, I'll tell you, Stranger, there's nothing like truth in painting! Gaudy colors that aren't true are worse than useless. They deceive folks—make 'em look for something that doesn't exist. It's wrong."

Mr. Snutsel looked aghast and turned his eyes appealingly to the empty air for support. He gave one look of polite remonstrance, sighed deeply, and recoiled. It was my fate to play missionary. When we parted half an hour later the visitor had seen glimpses of the light. He had recanted flatly. He was panting with admiration for Henri-Jean Martin's *hors concours*, "Lovers" with its palpitant light and its vibrant emotion in peasant hearts.

"Now, that picture," said he, "is right. Grass and leaves are yellow like that when the sunshine strikes 'em fair. And that there canyon beyond is purple, just like that you see in the Colorado country."

To show the completeness of his conversion, he was rhapsodic in the hard-won sense, over Jean-Charles Cazin's "Socrates' House" and the "Amateur Gardener." "They are all right; that soft light is true to nature. I have seen it often traveling around the country—just exactly like that."

He had got farther yet. He was willing to concede the purely imaginative beauty; for example, Doumergue's "Frog at the Hair Dresser's"—being a perfectly captivating composition with Du Barry and Zamore in the Park at Versailles, or Luciennes, interrupted in building a high coiffure, by the somersault of a frog into the pomade kit! It was easy to show him that such a picture, recreating a probable happening of 1769, had to depend on something other than "likeness to nature." It had to come from the imagination of the artist; and the beauty in it, necessarily, must be a pure addition to the beauty theretofore existing in nature. Hence such a picture was a positive addition to the world's inventory of beauty—not a mere reshelving of old stock in a more conspicuous place. In fact, he was enthusiastic over the novel proposition that a painter who succeeds in creating a new beauty "out of his own crazy imagination" has done a better thing than one who apes the festive kodak and "snap shots" something exactly as it appears to everybody in the world. He was

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really quite along on the road toward Whistlerism.

The big men of the "forty years' of fruitful peace" are there in characteristic examples; and the great contemporary men are fairly represented. For some reason there is almost nothing of what is commonly called the "Gallic idiosyncrasy." In all the show you will find not a painting, or drawing, or sculpture that reveals carnality as the mainspring. The voluptuous is absent. Nudity for the sake of nakedness is not to be found in the collection. In general there is little "faking" and pretense—no spurious patriotism, no Chauvinism, no jingoism, no bathos, extremeism, pose, piffle, or padding. There is very little of the glum and *morgue*; hardly anything cynical; nothing pessimistic, no Icarus optimism either. But there is a distinctly humorous vein in the mine. There is a lot of hearty comedy and a dash of farce, as in the large "comic" catalogued "Winter in Holland." The thing is excruciating in its drollery; full of the unexpected inevitable; a roaring bit of everyday *genre*, but composed with great mastery and exquisite sense of line and mass, not to say human nature in winter. There is another large canvas of the same general sort, a fair in the country with a greased pole contest and all the side-splitting concomitants of bourgeois gentry on the sidelines in their hilarious holiday attire, peasant bumpkins gay and *gauche*; and throughout the unutterable *sans gêne* of the life that lies near the dear heart of the land, our Mother.



If I have any intuition at all, it tells me that this Franco-Belgian show denotes a great movement toward a new spirit of democracy. Gallia has a genius for making her art expressive of her life. The French, more than other peoples, live in and of their art; and the converse, equally. There is no possible doubt that the effect of this exhibition as a whole is to emphasize the current *credo* of democracy under the Tricolor. The thing is the more impressive because of the absence of flag-waving, Carmagnole-dancing, *vive-la-republique*, common to the Gauls in times of emotional stress. If this show indicates anything it is that those who speak French have had a new birth of love for the plebe of the soil.

Henri Martin's notable painting "The Lovers," is a fit symbol of this democratic sentiment. Millet, Bastien-Lepage, Lerolle, Dupré and the rest have painted French peasants enough to establish the type as it was. This man Martin has painted the peasant in the rich intellectual and spiritual radiance of the twentieth century. You will hunt some distance and use up much eye-power in gallery-gazing to find a more "mystic metamorphosis" of all things human "fused into the one" supreme thing—Love! There is in this canvas all the knowledge of the *lumière* worshippers, all the advance of the color synthesists, all the technical gains of the last forty-five years. Besides, it has the vitality of a noble feeling for humanity—of a mighty love for the beauty of the lowly heart of mankind. Without a stroke of preaching it is a powerful preachment. Without a particle of politics it is a powerful political propaganda. Without a trace of patronage it is a splendid apotheosis of Democracy. By no means fail of the full enjoyment of this superb work of recent French painting and poetry.

The Brittany women in their coifs and ballooning gowns are well represented in several characteristic works, by men who have felt the influence of Cottet, Simon, Aman-Jean, Le Sidaner, La Touche, Blanche, Carrier-Belleuse, Chabas, and numerous old acquaintances greet us with wholesome cheer and perfect sanity. Filliard has two really wonderful water color flower pieces, done with a power that pushes oils. Dauchez has a captivating landscape harmony. Lucien Simon has a large *gouache*, "The Gondola," that lacks nothing in power though done in water and not in juice of the flax. "The Bath," also by Simon, compels admiration.

Let it suffice, pending further study of the exhibition, to say that it is very worthy of serious attention and should crowd the Museum daily.

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An American sea captain engaged a Zulu boy for servant. This boy, seeing his master reading one day, said:

"What part of the page, master, do you read—the black part or the white?"—*Washington Star*.

\*\*\*

"Sadie, what is a gentleman?"

"Please, ma'am," answered the well-bred child, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

### Russian Short Stories

"The Signal, and Other Stories," by Wsewolod Michailovich Garshin, translated from the Russian by Captain Rowland Smith, of the British Embassy, Petrograd. Alfred A. Knoff, New York, 1915.

Garshin has been a favorite writer of Russian tales during the somewhat more than a quarter of a century which has passed since his tragic death in 1888, and Captain Rowland deserves the thanks of English-reading persons for bringing in this volume some of his work to their attention.

The medium of the Russian's literary felicities was the short story, and in the field of his choice he attained a place but little below the seats of the masters—of the mighty. He died in his 33rd year, a victim of a cruel accident sustained when he was in an irresponsible mental state and, indeed, he had been throughout his life, after the age of nine, subject to lapses of full sanity. Some of his tales bear evident impress of this morbidity of thought, notably the one named "A Night," which is among the translations in this volume.

Garshin was a volunteer soldier in the Russo-Turkish war of 1876, and there received a wound which cost him a leg. His principal literary work was performed after he had become convalescent from this injury, but on the whole it was limited, and most of the product of his fancy appears in Captain Rowland's translation.

Many of these bear an autobiographical aspect, and are written with great power and depth. "The Signal" is a tremendous piece of fancy, and "Four Days," which is the fictional presentation of the time he spent alone upon a deserted battlefield where he had been shot down and left for dead, and where, on the third day, by heart-breaking effort, he obtained a bottle of water from the body of a Turk he had himself killed with a bayonet, is so realistic as to invite a shudder. "The Signal" is just the book for those who are fond of short stories of unique merit.

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### Didn't Like a Crowd

The village was held fast in the grip of a revival. The preacher had been extolling the beauties of heaven and painting in lurid lines the terrors of souls in torment. "Now," he thundered, "all you who would take the heavenly journey stand up." The congregation rose as one—at least so it seemed. But the preacher from the eminence of the pulpit espied one who remained seated. Feeling that much was amiss, he descended and spoke to the wretched man. "My poor friend," he began, "would you not like to go to heaven, too?" "Oh, I'd like to go well enough," the man replied; "but I aint goin' with any excursion."

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"I notice you haven't quite got your sea legs yet, madam." "Well, you wouldn't notice it if it wasn't for the wind."—*Jack-o-Lantern*.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Grammercy—What do we need for dinner? Bridget—Shure, mum, Oi tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes.—*Puck*.

## St. Louis Symphony Orchestra

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Parquet 50c

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Doors Open 2:00 P. M.

### Coming Shows

"Watch Your Step" comes to the Olympic for a week beginning next Sunday evening. Get your tickets early, for this will be an engagement rivaling in pulling power, "Ziegfeld's Follies." Almost the entire cast of the piece during its six months' run at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York will appear here. The book is by Harry Smith; the music by Irving Berlin, the rage in popular harmony; the costumes by Helen Dryden, noted for her pictures in *Vogue*. Frank Tinney will have his debate with the orchestra leader and the audience; Harry Kelly will wrangle with his fishhound "Lizzie"; and Brice and King will show the work which has made them top-liners de luxe in vaudeville for several years. Bernard Granville and Harry Ellis are also members of this organization. Society and those who ape it will be most interested in Mrs. Vernon Castle's dancing. She has some new steps and figures to show us. Likewise, she has some gorgeous gowns never before seen out here in "the provinces." There is a big chorus appearing often in the three acts and seven scenes of the show. Altogether the troupe numbers one hundred persons. "Watch Your Step" has beaten all records for audiences in New York, even those of the "Merry Widow." Nothing is omitted to please the eye and ear.

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Carolina White, beautiful and melodious American singer of grand opera, is the star of the vaudeville bill starting at the Columbia Monday afternoon. She will be remembered as the prima donna of the Philadelphia and Chicago Grand Opera Company, with which she appeared in St. Louis a few seasons ago. She created in America the prima donna roles of "The Jewels of Madonna" and "The Secret of Suzanne," and she has won honors abroad. Her repertory includes arias from her favorite operas. She is one of the big catches of vaudeville. Hector MacCarty will be at the piano. Miss Laura Hall, another headliner, has a gripping one-act play with a comedy vein, "Demi-Tasse," by Robert H. McLaughlin, author of "The Eternal Magdalene," supported by Gaston Mervale and William Lorenz. Miss Hall originated and created the title role in Henry W. Savage's allegory, "Everywoman." William Pruette (Blessed Old Bill) appears with Charles Orr and Company in "A Holland Romance," a miniature opera, the book and lyrics by Jean Havez and music by George Botsford. Pruette, by permission of Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom, sings, "I Want What I Want When I Want It,"

as no one else can. Mazie King, matchless toe-dancer, remembered from "The Midnight Sons" and "The Henpecks," and for descending Metropolitan Tower, in New York, on her toes, is supported by Ted Donner. Others are Lew Hawkins, the "Chesterfield of Minstrelsy"; Jim Cook and Jack Lorenz in a comedy, "The Millionaires"; Leona Thurber and Harry Madison "On a Shopping Tour"; the Gardiner Trio, society and novelty dancers, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

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The Borsini troupe of acrobats, tumblers, equilibrists and contortionists, globe rollers and balancers will be the principal attraction at the Grand Opera House the coming week. Second in importance are Russell's Minstrels, singers, dancers and comedians. Other numbers are Torcat and Flor d'Aliza Roosters, appealing especially to the children; Skipper, Kennedy and Reeves in foolish songs; Mabel Harper, a "nut" performer; Farrell and Farrell in a comedy skit called "The Troubles of an Actress"; Rose and Ellis, the jumping jacks; the musical Geraldts; Margaret Ryan, singing comedienne; and animated pictures.

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The American Theater, presenting the first run in this State of the Triangle Plays with all effects and special music, announces for the Ince feature of next week's programme, "Honors Alter," having as its *motif* the caprice of a self-made captain of industry. Bessie Barriscale plays the part of the trusting wife, who is in danger of losing her home through the machinations of her unscrupulous husband and an ally who boasts of his lack of honor. Walter Edwards and Lewis S. Stone are joint stars with Miss Russell in this play. In the Griffith comedy number, "His Picture in the Papers," the lead is taken by Douglass Fairbanks; he wrecks an automobile, wins a prize fight, swims ashore from a steamer, fights the police and gets locked up, all in his attempt to get his picture in the papers. The Keystone comedies are two of Sennett's best.

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The Park Opera Company will put on another original *revue* at the Park Theater for a week beginning next Monday evening. The three *revues* of last year will be remembered as overwhelming successes. The new offering is called "The Whirl of the Times." Alonzo Price has elaborated it in eleven scenes. Frank Moulan and Billy Kent will contribute original sketches. Eastern novelties in song, dance, *ensembles*

and scenery will be shown. Through all will run a strong local flavor. Mabel Wilber, alone and in conjunction with Alonzo Price will have an interesting assignment of songs and dances. Arthur Burkley, a new tenor, will make his first appearance. He has sung formerly with Christie McDonald and Kitty Gordon in some of the most popular musical shows. Besides giving solos, he will appear in a duet with Miss Wilber and in a trio with Miss Edwards and Francis J. Boyle. Louise Allen, of course, will co-operate with Moulan and Kent to provide the laughs. Sarah Edwards and George Natanson will display their gifts in classic music. Something astonishing in the way of a ballet is promised and Frank Moulan will stage a skit of his own, "The Manicure." The show culminates with a minstrel performance especially prepared for the occasion. The St. Louis Admen will have possession of the house on Monday evening.

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"Baby Mine" moves to the Shenandoah next Monday evening after a very successful week at the Park, in which Elsie Hitz, Mitchell Harris, Frances Neilson and the other players have won new laurels.

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### This Week's Symphonies

Conductor Max Zach and his Symphony Orchestra will have for their *piece de resistance* at the concert this week Pablo Casals, violoncellist. Casals is one of the greatest living interpretative soloists. He has been here but once in ten years, a short time ago, at a private concert in the home of Mrs. E. A. Faust. A novelty on the Friday programme will be Arthur Shepherd's overture from the "Festival of Youth"; its first hearing, as it is still in manuscript. Mr. Shepherd will come on from Boston for the premiere. Other numbers will be Goldmark's overture from "Sakuntala," Op. 13; Dvorak's concerto for the violoncello, Op. 134; and Schumann's fourth symphony in D minor, Op. 120—introduction, allegro, romanza, scherzo and finale—played without a pause.

Next Sunday's "Pop" will be entirely orchestral. A novelty will be the first performance of a processional march by Turnbull, an American composer living in Baltimore. By request, the Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla, from "Das Rheingold," by Wagner, which proved so delightful last week, will be given again. Other numbers are Thomas' overture to "Mignon"; an Egyptian ballet from Luigini; Strauss' "Moto Perpetuo"; two Norwegian dances by Grieg, and a waltz, "La Gitana," by Bucalossi.

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### Cecil Fanning Comes

Cecil Fanning, a wonderful American baritone, will sing for the first time in St. Louis on Friday evening, February 18, in the Wednesday Auditorium, for the benefit of the Rubinstein Musical Club and Chapter O of the P. E. O. Mr. Fanning will sing in French, German, Italian and English. He will be accompanied by Mr. H. B. Turpin, who has been associated with him in con-

cert work for fifteen years. In lieu of notes on the music of the programme, Mr. Turpin will give illustrative oral introductions to Mr. Fanning's renditions. The charm of Mr. Fanning's singing is its seductive and persuasive ease. Particularly he accomplishes clarity in his diction. To him the music is not all; the words are more than with most singers. He gets the value of both in a combination characterized at once by elegance and strength. Mr. Fanning will sing some of his own songs, because he is a poet as well as a singer. A volume of his poetry, "The Flower-Strewn Threshold," has been published in London. Mr. Fanning has sung for organizations in Webster Groves and Kirkwood, where he produced wonderful enthusiasm.

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### Marts and Money

It was not much of a market in little old Wall Street. While quotations recorded some interesting fluctuations for a day or two, the net results were quite inconsequential, that is, fractional, in the influential group of certificates. There were the usual lively maneuvers *à la hausse* in the war department, but the star customers of brokerage establishments evinced precious little interest therein. They suppressed yawns even when the gossip files began to bulge with telegrams containing some new romantic tales of absorptions of one kind or another. Especially inciting were the stories about Crucible Steel shares, the price of which advanced approximately fifteen points on a heavy volume of transfers. The current price is 82, or \$27 below the top record of last September. It is hard to understand why any intelligent individual should permit himself to be seduced into purchasing certificates of that sort by irresponsible rumors regarding a consolidation with some other company. They never have paid a dividend, and were worth only 18¼ less than a year ago. The present state of prosperity must come to an end before the lapse of many moons, and it would be preposterous, therefore, to expect the stock to join the list of permanent dividend-payers.

Careful investors do not feel tempted to put their funds into speculative commodities of ephemeral merits. They select certificates whose dividend records extend over a series of years and are not likely to be gravely damaged in the event of a sudden termination of the European struggle. The silliness of the scramble for war shares is truly pathetic; it throws strange light upon our boastful claims of intellectual advance and enlightenment. At the same time, one is prompted to ask, Why do the bankers financing the Stock Exchange crowd hesitate to interfere and to put a stop to the disgraceful performances? Is it because they are afraid that restrictive action on their part might prevent consummation of some of their own pet schemes? Very likely. So long as *le peuple s'amuse et le jeu va bien*, the underwriting business will be brisk and the profits ample. It is only just to add that there are a few bankers in Wall Street who are not

## About Your "Pet" Employee Mr. Business Man

¶ There is a young man in your employ (maybe more than one) in whom you take an interest. You want to build him into a vital part of your business for his own sake and because the success of your business demands that you have one or two big, dependable lieutenants of this kind.

¶ He is bright and willing and a hard worker—but he has one failing—he is always financially behind. Or his money spending proclivities may be putting his habits a bit wrong.

¶ You feel, rightly, that a man who's not an *executive* in handling himself and his money may fail or bungle in handling an executive part of your business. Don't give him up—he's young—he needs a compass—

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and we'll send him matter that will make a saver of him. It will give him that needed element of stability and foresight that you know he needs for your purposes and his success. We won't let him into our plot—he'll never know why he's getting the literature—but he'll be converted.

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reluctant to put forth words of warning and to point out the perils involved in the course of the money-mad mob.

Foreign liquidation continues to play an important part in the daily happenings of the Stock Exchange. Of late, it has been discernible particularly in Erie, Baltimore & Ohio, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, and United States Steel common shares. Naturally, the pressure from London, Paris and Amsterdam relaxed as quotations receded in New York. But it would anew increase considerably if values were allowed to advance five or six points. Thus far, the liquidation has sharply manifested itself mainly in the stock department. Bond prices remain notably firm; in some cases, they indicate improvement of a point or a point and a half, if comparisons are made with the levels of a month ago, when the British financial mobilization plan became effective. Atchison, T. & Santa Fe. general mortgage 4s are quoted at 95 at this moment; they could be bought at 94 on January 5. During the same time, Baltimore & Ohio gold 4s have registered a price appreciation of three-quarters of a point. Central Pacific first 4s have advanced from 90 to 91; this, notwithstanding the *en bloc*

transfer of \$50,000,000 of these securities from Paris to New York, where they were changed from the franc to the dollar form, in order to facilitate distribution in the United States.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy joint 4s have recorded an advance of over a point; they are worth 99 to-day, against 97½ on January 3. For Chicago, M. & St. Paul general 4½s, the respective figures are 103 and 102½; for Chicago & Northwestern general 4s, they are 95 and 94½; for Erie prior lien 4s, 86 and 85¼; for Louisville & Nashville unified 4s, 95½ and 94½; for Northern Pacific prior lien 4s, 94¼ and 92¾; for Oregon Short Line refunding 4s, 93¾ and 92¾. It's not necessary to cite additional instances in point.

It should be plain to every trained student of things that the absorptive faculty of the American investment market is in excellent working order. Demand is promoted and prices are kept firm by skillful methods on the part of puissant bankers and brokers, by favorable conditions in the money market, by the fine trade balances, and by the keen search for investment securities of unimpeachable standing. There's excellent reason for suspecting, also, that the controlling powers in New York



are shrewdly collaborating with the British Government and the Bank of England with a view to conducting liquidation of foreign holdings of American securities at the right times and in the most propitious ways, so as to prevent a growth of uneasiness among investors in the United States.

The generally healthful condition of the market for first-class bonds and notes was sufficiently revealed by the results of the sale of State of New York 4 per cent bonds, maturing in thirty and fifty years. The successful bid was 103.27, implying an investment yield of 3.85 per cent. It was made by the First National Bank of New York City. The bonds are to-day selling at 105½ in the "curb" market, and a further advance is fairly probable. It can be said, therefore, that all the bidders made the mistake of under-estimating the real broadness and strength of the investment market. I predicted in the MIRROR, two weeks in advance of the sale, that the bonds should bring 105, at least. That estimate of mine was more accurate, viewed in the light of prevailing circumstances, than that even of the First National Bank. About two years ago, the Albany authorities were doubtful if they could successfully float 4¼ per cent State bonds at 100. The 4¼ per cent bonds of the City of New York were selling at 97¾ in the early part of 1915; they are in demand at 102 at the present date.

According to the *Daily Bond Buyer*, the total amount of long-term municipal bonds brought out in January was \$48,899,978, or, with only two exceptions, the largest for the period in at least nine years. For January, 1915, the record was \$31,366,878.

It is evident that careful American investors,—and there are many hundreds of thousands of them,—are determined to buy solely such securities as are sure to prove satisfactory investments, no matter what betide in the finances and politics of Europe. This means, in other words, that they have come to the conclusion that the high-grade issues of the United States are to-day, and should for a long time remain, the best purchases in the world. The different State Governments and municipal corporations find it easy to contract large loans on the most favorable terms in a number of years. At the same time, American investors display no eagerness whatever to purchase the 5 per cent bonds of the principal belligerent Governments at prices indicating net returns of 5½ to 6 per cent. They much prefer the 3¾, or 4, or 4½ per cent obtainable on purchases of their own domestic securities. This remarkable attitude on their part must be regarded as being of felicitous significance. It gives guaranty that the ultimate recoil of the European disorders and disasters in finances upon affairs in the United States will not cause a panic of unprecedented proportions. The greater the amount of American surplus capital invested in securities of unquestionable safety, the more pronounced the resisting power of our economic life to the undermining influences of the upheaval on the other side of the Atlantic.

Sir George Paish, editor of the *Lon-*

*don Statist*, declared, the other day, that the finances of Great Britain will in 1916 be subjected to the severest possible strain. There can be no doubt that his forecast will be fulfilled. Every one of the belligerent nations will in 1916 or 1917 be suffering from constantly increasing unsettlement in its financial conditions. During 1915, the outstanding note circulation of the Russian Government expanded to the tune of \$1,194,500,000, or 45 per cent. During the same period, its gold reserve increased merely \$27,100,000, or 3⅓ per cent.

The returns submitted by prominent railroad companies indicate striking improvement in nearly all cases. For December, the Pennsylvania has reported gross and net gains of \$4,644,000 and \$3,175,000, respectively. For the full year of 1915, the same company's gross shows a gain of \$20,153,000 and net a gain of \$22,227,000.

In the face of such splendid results, it would appear as though the Pennsylvania and all the other prosperous systems could afford to place larger contracts for rails and equipment, and find it possible to borrow funds at rates consistent with their enhanced financial credits.

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#### Finance in St. Louis.

On the Fourth Street Exchange business is quite active, and prices are steady to firm in virtually all the leading instances. Not much attention is paid to the hot and cold fits in Wall Street. Local investors and speculators seem to have made up their minds that the values of St. Louis securities are not altogether dependent upon the state of affairs in the big market of the East. The growing variousness of demand must be regarded as a decidedly encouraging feature. It suggests, not only a plentifulness of surplus funds, but increased discriminative capacity on the part of the purchasers. With quotations at attractive levels, the local market is likely to develop into a still more interesting sort of affair in the next few months.

Latest price changes were not especially striking; in most cases, they represented fractional improvement. The advance of about ten cents in the price of Granite-Bimetallic stock does not deserve particular cogitation. Most of the buying was of the small-lot variety, that is, for the account of the gambling fraternity. Presumably, "some news from the mines" is on tap again.

There was a fairly good inquiry for Chicago Railway Equipment; the transfers were made at 87 and 87.25. One hundred and ten Central Coal & Coke common found takers at 73.50, against 73 last week; one hundred and sixty International Shoe common at 92; fifty International Shoe preferred at 109.50. This is a good price for a 6 per cent stock; it denotes a net yield of somewhat less than 5½ per cent. More than one hundred shares of Wagner Electric were sold at 199 and 200. The latter figure means a full recovery from the recent relapse of \$25. About eight months ago the stock could be bought at 125. Sixty Union Sand & Material were disposed of at 69.50 and 70; twenty-five National Candy first preferred at 98;

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St. Louis

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Certificates of banks and trust companies were not prominent at any time. Quotations were firm; in a few cases a little higher. The bid figure for Mississippi Valley Trust has risen to 298, the asked figure, to 300; there were transfers at 290 two or three weeks ago. State National is valued at 194; the last sale was effected at 189.50. The stock should be quoted at 210 by and by. There can be no question about the stability of the 8 per cent dividend. Five shares of Mechanics-American National, a 12 per cent stock, were transferred at 257. In due time, these certificates will again be in demand at 300, a figure not touched since 1913. Bank of Commerce remained quiet lately, with a few sales at 99.50. Liquidation has come to a close in this case. Boatmen's Bank stock is well supported at 150.

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#### Latest Quotations.

	Bid	Asked
Mechanics-Am. National.....	256½	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	99¾	100¼
St. Louis Union Trust.....	380	390
Title Guaranty Trust.....		112
United Railways com.....	5	7
United Railways pfd.....	10½	
United Railways 4s.....	67½	63¼
Cass Av. & F. G. 4½s.....	97	
Union Depot 6s.....	102½	102½
E. St. L. & Sub 5s.....	90	90½
Alton Granite & St. L. 5s.....	82	83½
Laclede Gas pfd.....	94	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s \$100.....	91¼	91½
Missouri Edison 5s.....		100
Union Sand & Material.....	71	71¼
Ely & Walker com.....		112
Ely & Walker 2d pfd.....		81½
International Shoe com.....	93	94
Inter. Shoe preferred.....	109½	110½
Central Coal & Coke com.....	73	
Granite Bi-Metallic.....	60	65
Eisenstadt preferred.....	105	
Independent Brew. 6s.....	50	51
National Candy com.....	6½	7
National Candy 2d pfd.....		80
Wagner Electric.....	200	200½
City of St. Louis 4 1929.....	100¾	101
City of St. Louis 4½s 1931.....	100¾	101

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#### Answers to Inquiries.

Bondholder, St. Louis.—A sharp recovery in the value of St. Louis Brewing Association 6s cannot reasonably be expected. It is precluded by the continuous extension of "dry" territory. There may be an advance to about 86 or 87, however. You would not be

## MASON'S



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Over \$9,000,000 in Savings  
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justified in increasing your holdings. You can invest to better advantage in numerous other directions.

Investor, St. Louis.—National Candy first preferred is a commendable purchase. It nets a little more than 7 per cent at the current price of 98. The low point last year was 96; a few years ago, the stock sold at 102 and 103.

Financier, Leavenworth, Kan.—American Locomotive preferred is not a strictly first-class investment. A year ago, the company failed to earn the 7 per cent, but paid it nevertheless. Since then, the financial position has largely improved, owing, to a considerable extent, to orders for equipment and munitions for belligerent countries. So the preferred dividend will be maintained at least two years longer. If you wish to buy, await a decline of a few points. You might get the stock at 97 or 96.

H. A. H., San Antonio, Tex.—Liggett & Myers Tobacco preferred is a desirable purchase. It does not fluctuate much. Since January 1, 1915, the extremes have been 113¾ and 120½. At the latter figure, the net return is about 5.80 per cent. A fairly good rate, considering the safety of the dividend.

Curious, Des Moines, Ia.—(1) The \$17 decline in the quotation for Peoples Gas, of Chicago, is reflective of fears of a possible dividend reduction. At the present price of 106 the stock nets over 7½ per cent, the dividend rate being 8 per cent per annum. I think you would not be indiscreet in buying at or around this figure. (2) Pullman Palace will maintain its dividend of 8 per cent. Add to your holdings at 158.

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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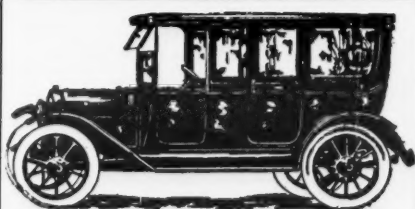
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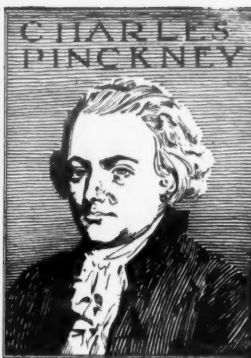
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FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A. NO. 8

## The Pinckneys—"Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power, and deeper than their love of self. One played an important part in the "Louisiana Purchase"—the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would avert war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law. The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat, and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is

easy to imagine the horror that these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the moderate use of light wines and barley brews. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry, because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop beers—the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. To-day their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

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